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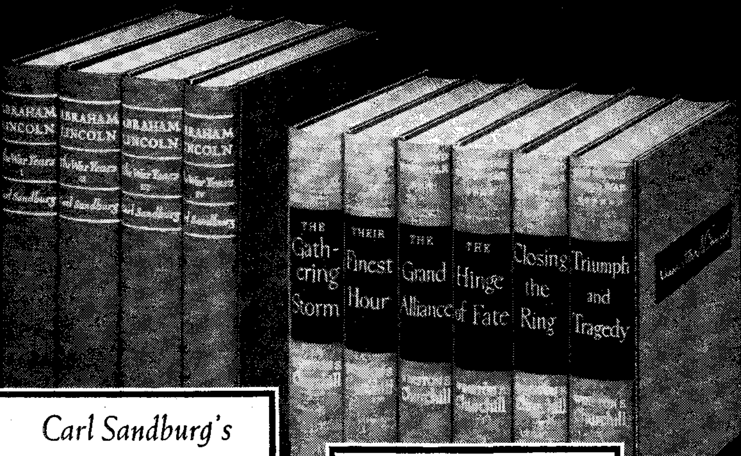
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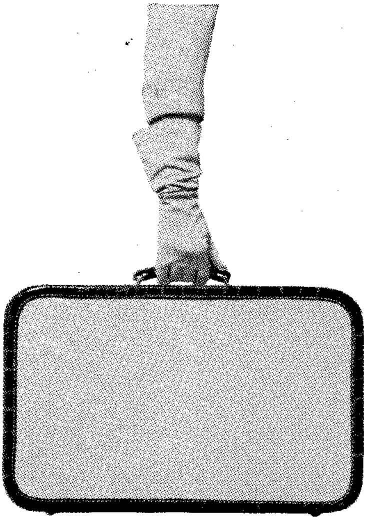

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While Mother Was Away . . . . VICTOR OLSON

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That "Guy" Sinatra

"The Voice" builds a new future in films

SUDDENLY—everywhere—there's Sinatra. In what *Variety*, the show-business newspaper, calls "the greatest comeback in theatre history," 39-year-old Frank has the world on a string, tied tightly around his little finger.

This month, against stiff competition, he socks across a dynamic portrayal of a Damon Runyon hero in Sam Goldwyn's *Guys and Dolls* (MGM). As Nathan Detroit, enterpreneur of "the oldest, established permanent floating crap game in New York," Sinatra more than holds his own in the company of Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons and Vivian Blaine.

Goldwyn carefully chose the best of talent to bring this million-dollar property to the screen. In getting the best, this shrewd producer went after Frank Sinatra, currently the hottest personality in show business. The lean, bony kid from Hoboken—a mixed-up mass of complexities—has licked a six-year slump in his career.

What brought about the change? The turning point was the role of Maggio in *From Here to Eternity*. Having decided he alone should play the part, Sinatra flew 27,000 miles (from Africa) at his own expense to make a screen test—and accepted a low salary to cinch the deal.

His gamble paid off: *Eternity* won him an Academy Award. Now free-lancing, he picks his parts with an eye for variety: *Not As A Stranger* (medical student), *The Tender Trap* (carefree bachelor) and, now, *Guys and Dolls* (gambler).

And he has made movie audiences sit up and notice. "The Voice" has become an Actor of Stature. What's more, his singing voice is back—mature, surer than ever, all the musicianship learned in his band days brought into play—pushing his records into the best-seller class.

Today, Sinatra is wisely emphasizing versatility in everything he does, from singing to acting—and professionally, it seems, he can do no wrong. He's still making some hot-headed mistakes—feuding with columnists, blowing off steam at reporters and audiences, walking off the set of *Carousel*—but all in all, he has reached a new growth which is paying off in a bright, busy future.

(Continued on page 8)

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MY SISTER EILEEN (*Columbia*) recounts once more the wacky adventures of two career-minded Ohio girls who rent a basement apartment in New York's Greenwich Village. This song-and-dance, CinemaScope version has a terrific talent named Betty Garrett as Ruth. Janet Leigh is a pretty Eileen, and Jack Lemmon and Bob Fosse help with comedy and romance.

OKLAHOMA (*Magna*) hasn't stopped running since its Broadway opening in 1943. The movie adds a dimension of remarkable breadth and beauty with the huge curved screen and wide-angle lens of the new Todd-AO process. Rodgers & Hammerstein's enduring music gets fresh treatment in this $7 million production from Gordon MacRae, Gene Nelson and Shirley Jones.

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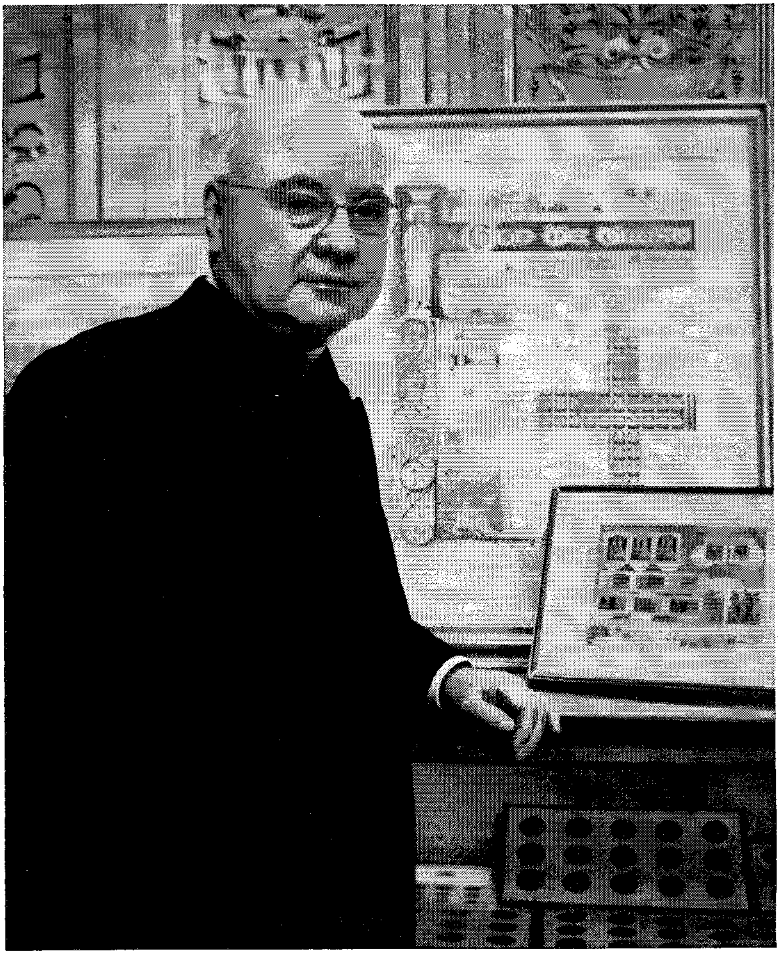

Hobbies of the Famous: Cardinal Spellman

STAMP COLLECTING, America's number one hobby, has no greater champion than Francis Cardinal Spellman, 66-year-old head of the Roman Catholic archdiocese in New York. He is pictured above with three of his prizes—the Iwo Jima block, purchased while the Cardinal was on his wartime

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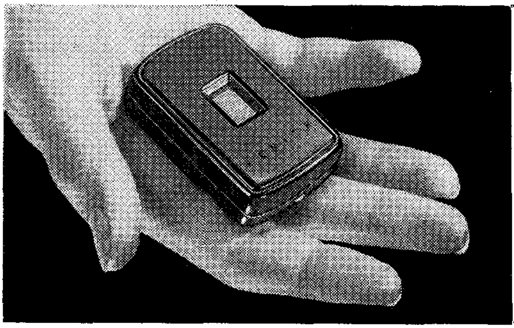

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Pacific tour in 1945; the "In God We Trust" stamps, for which he delivered the inaugural address; and the souvenir sheet of Vatican stamps signed by Pope Pius XII, the only sheet ever autographed by His Holiness.

Assembled out of a devotion to stamps aroused some 40 years ago, Cardinal Spellman's collections have been exhibited around the world.

"Stamp collectors are an international fraternity," says the soft-spoken Cardinal, who is the church's most traveled prelate. He has covered some 300,000 miles on official business and found stamp friends everywhere.

"The rewards of this hobby do not lie in its monetary value," Cardinal Spellman emphasizes, "but in the education stamps provide. A small, inexpensive collection, neatly arranged and properly annotated, is far more interesting than a more expensive collection which is only the accumulation of stamps."

One look at this clergyman's collection will illustrate his point. His stamps are arranged to reflect and satisfy his particular interests and enthusiasms. For instance, a series of United States stamps are titled "America the Beautiful," and depict the natural wonders of this country; alongside he has set appropriate quotations and poems.

Another grouping in his collection are stamps portraying the Madonna. These stamps are mounted on parchment and illuminated with quotations, prayers and poems. "Artists who have become interested in the collection have given generously of time and talent to illustrate the message of these stamps," the prelate modestly explains — without mentioning how his eloquent persuasiveness has inspired this enthusiasm.

In addition to his chief illuminators —a Boston artist and a Catholic sister at Mount St. Vincent College—work on the collection's pages has been contributed by 50 different artists from all parts of the world, including a Korean nun whom the Cardinal met during his travels.

Cardinal Spellman's benign features glow with pleasure as he points to stamps from British colonies like Malta, which have side-stepped the Church of England to issue stamps with Catholic themes. These little facts, he points out, make stamp collecting all the more fascinating.

"I like to relax with my stamps after a hard day of work, or between trips," Cardinal Spellman declared recently. "It stimulates my spirits, spending an hour or two studying new additions or planning a layout for a new illuminated page." A versatile poet and novelist, he often writes poems especially for his stamp pages.

In buying and exhibiting stamps, he consults regularly with his friend and philatelic adviser, Ernest Kehr, Stamp News Editor of the New York *Herald-Tribune.*

Seven years ago, Cardinal Spellman gave his entire collection to the Congregation of the Sisters of Saint Joseph, in honor of an aunt who was a member of that order. New page additions are forwarded to Sister M. Fidelma, curator of the collection, which is housed at Regis College in Weston, Massachusetts.

Blessed with a phenomenal memory for names and faces, the Cardinal—a man who can talk baseball and stamps as authoritatively as religion—often sends first-day covers to collector-friends from countries he is visiting when a new stamp appears. "It is the sharing of pleasure," he says, "that brings the greatest pleasure."

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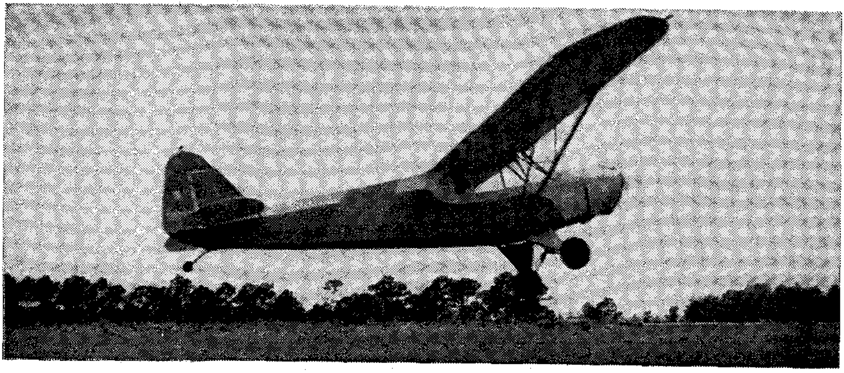

Solo Flight

THE FIRST SOLO flight may last only five minutes — but for a woman, it can seem like a decade. Enrolling in a quick flying course, Betty Seghers started her solo within 24 hours. Her photographer-husband ingeniously rigged a camera into the Piper plane to catch her emotions and, from the ground, he recorded everything from the take-off (*above*) to her happy landing.

Take-off: Butterflies—the oldest form of stage fright—begin to flutter inside Betty as she starts to move.

(Continued on page 18)

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rash-free

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BABY
LOTION
Johnson & Johnson

Keep him
happy
with
Lanolin-rich,
oil-rich

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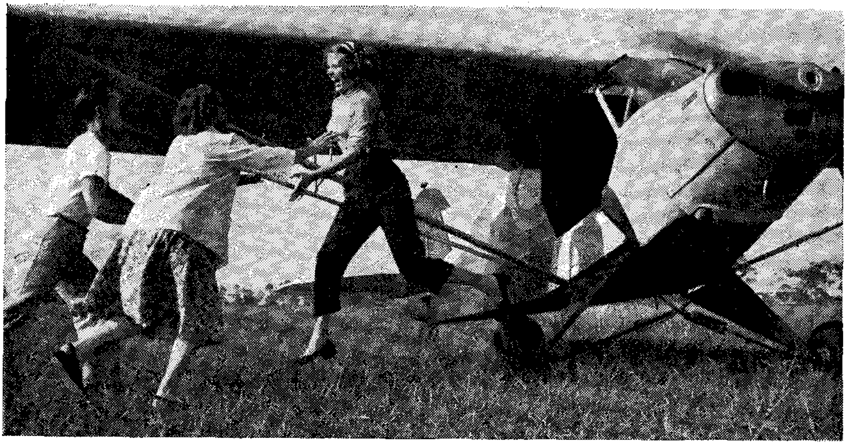
A Successful Approach Wins Approval

Soaring alone was wonderful, but now she must land. Betty anxiously watches runway, all concentration.

She feels the wheels touch earth gently; relief spreads into exultation: she made it—a smooth landing!



Betty's family rushes to congratulate her as she bursts excitedly from plane.

Strange, how we sin against ourselves!

Some of us can be, at times, our own worst enemies.

We're so busy taking care of our husbands, our children, our homes—that *we neglect our own good health.*

"Oh, I take care of myself," you say. "I eat fairly sensibly. I watch my weight from time to time. Of course, I don't sleep as well as I should . . . sometimes feel sort of dragged out in the morning, but let's face it. I'm really not as young as I was."

The insidious thing about this kind of "female logic" is that it's so unfair to your family and yourself.

Like so many women, when you're irritable, moody, are *you* inclined to fall back on the excuse that it's "the weather". . . or a *dozen* other things?

There *may* be an explanation—but *not when you feel "wrong" day after day.*

Maybe you're the victim of a habit that's *grown* on you . . . the habit of depending on caffein in coffee (or tea) for quick, artificial "steadying"...

Your doctor would tell you that—for some women—one of the worst offenders against the delicate nervous system is caffein.

The use of this strong stimulant day after day may make you nervous, irritable, hard to live with.

However, if you are addicted to this habit, *there's hope.*

You simply switch from caffein-heavy drinks to a new, wonderful hot beverage—*Imitation Coffee Flavor Instant Postum, now available for the first time.*

There isn't a taut nerve, a sleepless hour or a headache in it because *it doesn't have a speck of caffein.*

You owe it to yourself and to your family to try this wonderful caffein-free beverage not just once, but for 30 consecutive days.

Of course, if you're one of the many people who don't care for the taste of coffee, remember that *regular* Instant Postum is still available. Your grocer has *both.*

Don't let another day go by without giving a fair 30-day trial to satisfying caffein-free Instant Postum. See if you don't feel better! Act better! Look better!

The Instant Postum Beverages are fine products of General Foods and Postum is a registered trade-mark.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

Kerrycroft Patrick rears up to join his young master, Murray McLean, in a hircine hula—a favorite part of their daily romp. The boy's father acquired the big fun-loving animal (whose grace is exceeded only by his exuberance) when its former owner decided it was "too dangerous" to keep around.

An old goat in Ontario, Canada, acts like a

Dancing Kid

K.P. could win this butting contest horns-down, but he knows that it's all in fun.

"Now I clean my home in half the time!"

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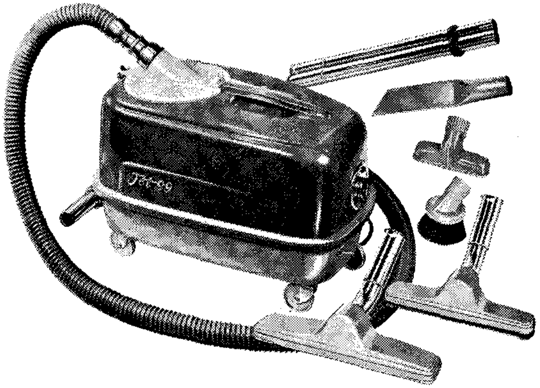
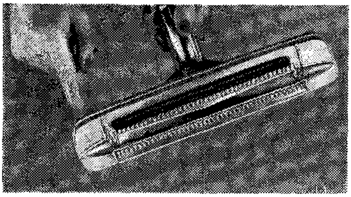


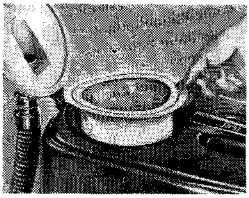
Rolls on 4 Swivel Wheels

There's *never been* a cleaner like this before—*made* differently to *perform* differently. Only by matching 3-Stage Turbo-Fan Power with the new *Turbo Jet* Glide-Along Nozzle can you get a *balance of power* to reduce your cleaning time and do a more thorough job!

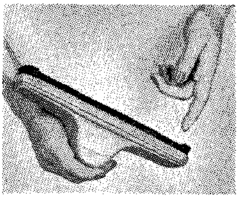
NEW 3-STAGE TURBO-FAN *PLUS* NEW TURBO JET NOZZLE CLEANS FASTER, BETTER, EASIER!



All-metal nozzle, with flat glider-action ends. Wider tapered opening for greater suction power.



Empties in 2 seconds! Release catch to open, snap cover to shut!



An Open-Front Floor Brush that *sucks in* dust, doesn't push it!

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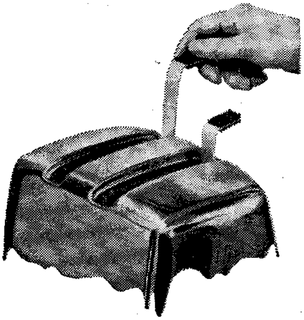
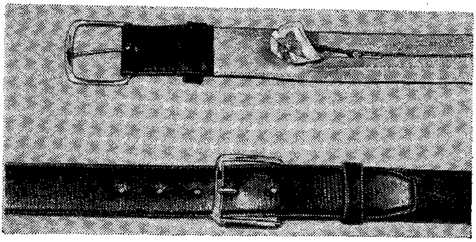
NEW PRODUCTS

Products on Parade

PROUD GRANDMOTHERS can wear a record of cherished events engraved on this sterling silver locket bracelet. The 1″ diameter lockets, holding two photographs, bear the first name and birth date of a child in script. Lockets $3.50 each, bracelet $4.00 pp. (tax included). Ten days delivery. Wayne Silversmiths, 546C South Broadway, Yonkers, N.Y.

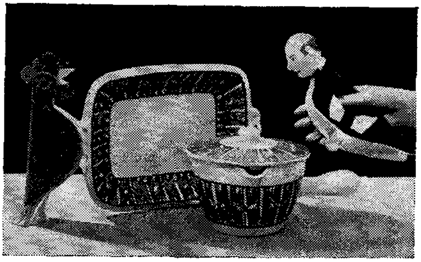
MUFFINS, buns, biscuits lift out of your toaster easily and without crumbling. Insert E-Z UPS before toasting and these aluminum aids bring the piping tidbits within easy reach when the toaster pops up. $1.00 pr. J. H. Bouman, Dept. C., 8 Westerly Way, Binghamton, N.Y.





DOLLARS, francs or pounds are protected in this cowhide money belt. Two concealed zipper pockets hold currency. Men's sizes 30-44. $3.95 pp. Clarion Products, Box 488 N, Highland Park, Ill.

SIZZLING casseroles are served in style with "Jeeves" the butler and "Red Coat" the rooster dish holders. Handmade of colorful felt, they are practical and add a festive note to party or family dinner. $1.75 each, $3.00 set. Willow Knoll Crafts, P.O. Box 311 C, Nyack, N. Y.



(Continued on page 24)

Oh Thank You, For My...

What exciting fun-filled gifts! Toiletries for good grooming – to delight every Little Lady's heart. Pictured above, just three of a complete selection of gift sets available at better stores everywhere.

1. The Glamour Gift Set; Her very own compact and toiletry essentials, $5.00 2. House of Bubbles; 20 packets of bubble-bath powder, $1.00 3. The Manicure Set; our own recipe for perfect little lady-fingers, $2.25

AND HERE'S A REALLY SPECIAL OFFER:
Send this ad and 25¢ to cover cost of handling to Department T, Little Lady, New Rochelle, New York and we will send you postpaid a regular $1.00 bottle of toilet water as shown in our model's hand. (Offer expires January 15, 1956).

Little Lady
Toiletries

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Originator of
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NEW PRODUCTS

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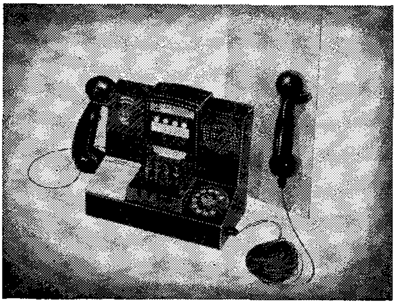
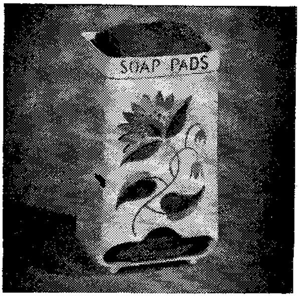


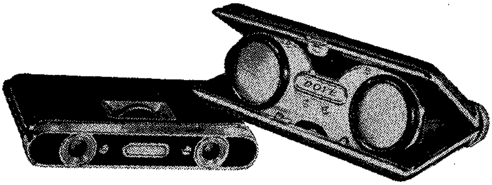
NUMBER PLEASE! Junior operators can actually talk with playmates via this plastic switchboard. Approved by the Toy Guidance Council, it rings, lights up, plugs in and buzzes like a professional board. 9" x 11" x 6". $9.95 pp. Empire Carriage & Toy, 262 C Jackson Ave., Jersey City 5, N. J.

REPLACE soap pad boxes with this flowered, white china holder. It keeps pads neat, dry and accessible. 6½" high, it stores six or more standard pads. Top serves as a dish for used pad; is removable for easy washing. Holder is footed for shelf use or can be hung as a practical wall decoration. $2.25 pp. The Added Touch, Dept. C, Wynnewood, Pa.



SURPRISE Dad with a ceramic mug, emblazoned with an antique car and marked with his name. This replica from old-fashioned barbershop days holds his soap, pencils or knickknacks. Select his favorite from the copies of Ford, Cadillac, Oldsmobile or Packard's first models. 22k gold letters. $4.95 pp. Lord George, Ltd., 1270 Broadway, Sect. 3, N. Y. 1, N. Y.

Fred
Pop
Stewart

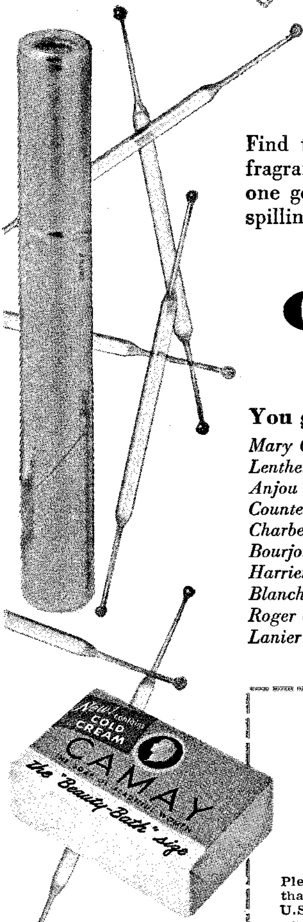


FOLD-AWAY opera glasses for sports or theater snap open for viewing, close to a purse-sized 2½" x 4¼". Precision lenses magnify to 3-power. In green, maroon or navy blue leatherette case, $6.95. Write to Empire Lion Sales Co., Dept. B, 1550 46 St., Brooklyn 19, N.Y.

(Continued on page 26)

NOW YOU CAN AFFORD TO TRY 24 WORLD-FAMOUS PERFUMES WORTH UP TO $20 AN OUNCE!

Exciting perfume sampler offer from Camay!



"NIPS" SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE

Find the *perfect* perfume for you! You get all 24 precious fragrances below. Each "Nip" contains enough perfume for one generous application. Every drop usable . . . there's no spilling, no evaporation! In slim tubes to carry in your purse.

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You get these 24 precious fragrances:

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Countess Maritza	SILENT NIGHT, WHITE MIST
Charbert	BREATHLESS
Bourjois	ROMAN HOLIDAY, EVENING IN PARIS
Harriet Hubbard Ayer	GOLDEN CHANCE
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Roger & Gallet	FLEUR D'AMOUR, BLUE CARNATION, SANTALIA
Lanier	FOLIE DE MINUIT, PALOMAR

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

Camay, Dept. U, Box 25, Cincinnati 1, Ohio

Please send me_________Camay Perfume Sampler packets. I am enclosing 50¢ *and* 3 Camay Soap wrappers for *each* packet.

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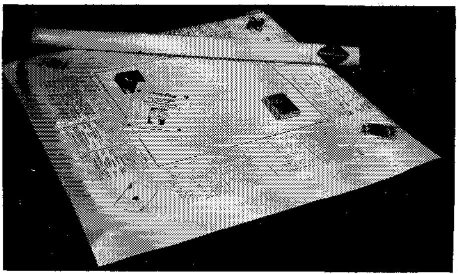
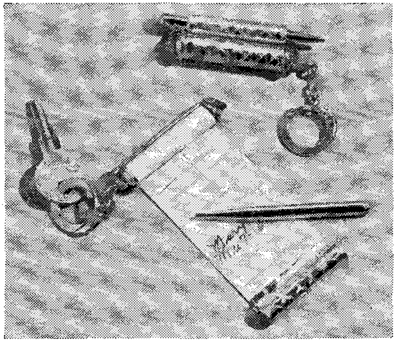
Please allow at least 21 days for your perfume to reach you as it takes that long to handle your order properly. Offer good only in continental U.S., including Alaska and Hawaii. Please be sure to put sufficient postage on your envelope. Offer expires April 10, 1956.

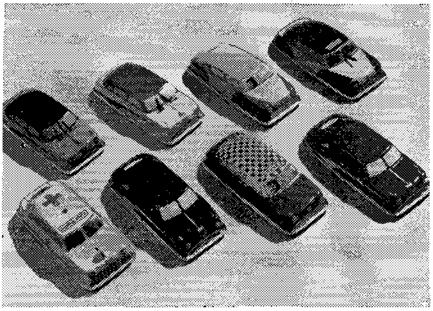
Products on Parade

ALL THE RULES for successful point-count and honor-count bidding are clearly printed on 4 sides of Bridgeasy table cover. Washable, $4.95. Camalier & Buckley, Dept. C55, 1141 Connecticut Ave. N.W., Wash., D.C.





POCKET SCRIBBLER keeps your keys in hand as well as your errands. Pull-out paper is plastic treated, can be used over and over. Key ring and automatic pencil are gold plated. $2.23; Lowy's Creations, 260-C 116 St., Rockaway Pk., N.Y.



ACTION CARS have realistic working parts. Bells clang, guns rat-a-tat, windows raise and lower, windshield wipers move. Steel with rubber wheels, 4″ long; 8 for $1.95, 12 for $2.95. Greenhall, Dept. 10, 1133 B'way, N.Y.C. 10.

OF INTEREST TO READERS OF PRODUCTS ON PARADE: On the last three pages of this issue of Coronet, you will find a new advertising feature, the CORONET FAMILY SHOPPER. It offers listings of additional mail-order products and services, which, too, may be of interest and value to you.

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

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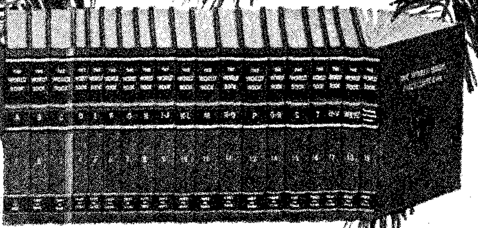

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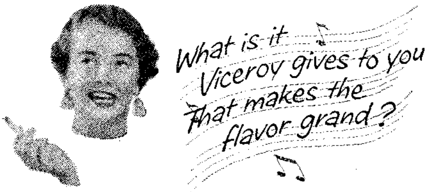
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TWENTIETH YEAR · Coronet · NOVEMBER 1955

"I Could Not Remain Silent"

by HARRY CAIN

Former U. S. Senator from Washington

As told to TRIS COFFIN

From the depths of his conscience, a public servant speaks out in a frank warning to all Americans

I STOOD IN CONSTITUTION HALL in Washington and awakened from a hideous dream. Before me, a skillful orator whipped his audience into a frenzy of hate. This was a hatred of fellow Americans. All who failed to worship a Senator from Wisconsin were themselves, in the cries of this speaker, "captives of the Communist conspiracy."

Here, three blocks from the White House, was a scene like that which terrified me almost twenty years ago. I shivered at the memory.

Then, in 1935, Marj, my wife, and I who were in London where I was studying banking, went to Germany to see this queer little fellow, Hitler, they laughed off at Downing Street.

On several memorable occasions I heard him scream of "the menace of communism." I saw thousands of human beings turn into a maddened mob by his words.

Now, here in the United States, in Constitution Hall, the same wild call to hate was sounding. Some of the same phrases were spoken in Congress, and appeared in speeches by government executives, in newspapers and on the air. And the shame of it I felt rising in my throat. For I had been a part of this. Without stopping to think, I, too, had shouted of the menace of Communist infiltration and called for extreme measures of internal security while I was a United States Senator. I had thrown the sneering phrase "soft on communism" at the few who wanted to slow down the inquisition.

That night, I walked out into the cool air, and I asked myself in horror, "My God, what has happened to us? Where are we going?"

I know now. Our exaggerated fear of Communist infiltration had become a plague. It led brother to spy on brother, as in Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia. It broke the lives of many decent little people, who, in a number of cases, were convicted by malicious rumor, plain dirty lies and the words of professional informers. The victims were thrown out of jobs and their characters stained. This fear stifled research. It turned sadists loose on government workers in the guise of security. It turned some statesmen into craven cowards. It blacklisted actors and artists. It drove teachers from their classrooms, defense workers from the shops. It mocked our American justice with a security net that touched one out of every ten adults in the United States.

Certainly we, as a nation, must be intelligently firm against treason and yet, too, we must be exceedingly fair to our citizens. We must make sure that no individual American loses his reputation and his livelihood without a chance to speak up for himself, especially in the absence of unassailable proof.

We have in the FBI a most effective organization to track down the real subversive. We can feel secure in its careful, detailed check on enemy agents and subversives. We do not need street corner vigilantes or demagogs to decide who and what is subversion.

I do not say this as a bleeding heart or a professional liberal. I am a conservative. I vigorously upheld that conservatism in the U.S. Senate as a Republican from the State of Washington. But what I experienced that night in Constitution Hall, what I have seen as a member of the Subversive Activities Control Board, where I deal in misery and hope, convinces me that the true conservative must stand up and be counted. He must protect the liberty and freedom of the individual against fanatics, political demagogs, lynch mobs and dictators. He must do this for his own protection.

I went to Constitution Hall that night because of a disturbing experience. I had seen one glimpse of the other side of the coin, and I wanted a second look. After all, this was a movement I once took an active part in. I had now been away from the Senate for months. I had a chance to think. And it was the visit of Mrs. Smiley that got me started.

She came to my office and begged me to listen to her. "There is no place else I can go. I have tried everywhere," she said hopelessly.

She told me her husband, a government scientist at work doing cancer research, had been suspended from his job. Unknown accusers had charged that Smiley had been a Communist Party organizer in the state of Washington in the 1930s.

I had a practical reason for being interested. Perhaps Smiley's labors in a laboratory could someday save my life.

I asked, "What in the blazes difference does it make if he had been a Communist or a Hottentot, if he is combating a disease that strikes all men?" I had to answer that question myself. With my background, it was a pretty tough one for me to face. I had to admit it did not make the slightest difference what Smiley's politics had been, unless it had been clearly established that he had been working against the United States.

Then, my conscience forced me to go further. Was Smiley a Communist? I did my best to find out. He was, like most men of the laboratory, all wrapped up in his work, an innocent in politics. One thing stuck out—Smiley wanted to help other people who were in pain or trouble. That is why he was content to serve as a lowly-paid government scientist working on cancer. Smiley might have had some association with communism before World War II, though I am not persuaded that he did, but I am certain his every thought and action has been opposed to it for more than a decade.

Smiley and his wife married in college. The time was the depression with its bread lines and bank failures. Mrs. Smiley joined an outfit called the Washington Pension Union because it worked for free milk and pensions. Occasional meetings were held at Smiley's home. There was excited talk of "saving the workers from starvation." This did not sound so radical then as it does now. Some years after the Smileys were out of the Pension Union, it was placed on the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations. Then, years later, nameless voices accused Smiley of being a Communist organizer.

Smiley asked me, "How can I prove I was not a Communist? I don't even know who made the charge, or under what circumstances he considered me a Communist."

I read through the hearings on Smiley, and I appeared at one session. It was terribly sad. The security board was more concerned with what anonymous accusers said Smiley had been in the long ago than with his ten years of faithful Federal service.

I knew then I could not remain silent and live with myself.

As I EXPECTED, I was fiercely denounced by those more concerned with politics than justice, and told unceremoniously to shut up. Others, in considerable numbers, wished me well. Soon, I began receiving hundreds of letters and visits from victims of this evil.

One day, two attractive young ladies, in their early thirties, asked to see me. They were intelligent, sensitive girls from Main Street, and they were being hideously tortured by a security officer.

Without making any charges, this security officer in a major department called in the ladies, both older than he, and asked them the most intimate and revolting questions. He implied there was something abnormal about their sex life. Under the security system, any suspicion of sex deviation may bring on a corps of security investigators and even a full scale FBI check. When they protested some of his questions, he bullied them mercilessly. Just when the girls thought he was letting up, he would badger them again.

You can look through my files and find cases just as bizarre. Here is a young veteran working in a defense message center. A security officer advised him to resign, or be labelled a security risk. Frightened by the public disgrace of a security investigation, he meekly resigned. Today, he is walking the streets. His crime? His wife was employed in a clerical job in the Embassy of a close ally of the United States.

Two more sad cases both involved war heroes. In one, a sergeant was suspended because his father had taken him to a Communist meeting when the boy was 12. In the other, an Air Force lieutenant was considered a security risk because his father had allegedly read pro-Communist publications. Such frightening cases of injustice can be drawn, not from government alone, but from industry, the entertainment world, and education. There are few places the hysteria has not touched with the anonymous tip, the blacklist, the corps of security investigators. Vigilantes, fanatics, gossips and private security operatives have bullied school systems and proud companies. What free men think and read has become public business.

Thank God, we are rapidly drawing back from this madness. This is due to the common sense of the American people, the calmness of our courts, and some good old-fashioned spunk in Washington. The Justice Department and such Congressional committees as Senate Internal Security are sincerely searching for ways to guarantee fair play. I believe the commission named to review the whole security program will make needed reforms. But every one of us citizens must be aware that freedom must live in our hearts.

I HAVE THOUGHT a good deal of what reforms are needed, and this is what I suggest:

1. The Attorney General's list of subversive organizations has been grossly abused. In its present form, the list is too often employed as a tool for blackmailers and sadists. It includes a lot of outfits that long ago folded up.

Long before there was any elaborate security system, the idea of the list was to serve as a guide for Federal employment, rather than proof of guilt.

The list has a basic weakness. The citizen who is indignant about any injustice won't check with the Attorney General before he signs a petition. And, he should not have to.

The Attorney General's list has helped to create an atmosphere of intolerance and suspicion, and to trap innocent people motivated by the highest aims when they joined an organization which later turned out to be a front for the leftists.

Experience shows that few hard-core Communists will be dug from the membership files of "front" organizations. It is the second-rate Communists and the well-intentioned, politically naïve people like the Smileys you will find. As a matter of fact, when I was a Senator, some of my colleagues on Capitol Hill were chagrined to find that they had been affiliated with organizations which later went on the Attorney General's list. If the law-

"*I suggest that we pull off security checks on all but the sensitive positions.*"

makers had been Broadway actors, or teachers, or scientists, this might have caused real trouble for them.

If the Attorney General's list is to be retained, I would suggest that no organization be placed on it without a judicial hearing, and that the list be accompanied by instructions on its limitations. I do not believe that membership in a listed group, of itself, should constitute a security risk.

2. Pull off the security checks on all but the sensitive positions. Let all others be hired and fired on the grounds of suitability.

It is sheer foolishness to investigate the political views, magazine subscriptions and brothers-in-law of messenger boys, grain inspectors, librarians and cancer specialists.

This kind of fear is as evil as subversion. It takes the drive and imagination out of America, and makes subservience our religion.

3. Put some limit on how far back the ashes should be raked. I do not consider a man a security risk who was emotionally caught in the pro-Communist movement for a brief time in the early '30s, and who has been a faithful servant since. A reasonable cut-off date would be 1947. By that time, the Communist movement was plainly labeled as an international conspiracy.

4. Create a uniform standard of security. Today, each government agency has its own standards. This led to the tragic spectacle of the Department of Agriculture dropping as a security risk Wolf Ladejinsky, a man whom the Foreign Operations Administration and General Douglas MacArthur praised for his great work in leading peoples away from communism in Asia.

5. Open the windows and let in more of the American spirit of fair play. We must rid our security systems of any practices adopted from the Gestapo, MVD, or lynching bee. Let the accused be faced by his accuser. Even the agency head who must make the decision whether or not to suspend the employee has no guide to the reliability of the accusers. In some cases I have looked into, the informers were professional finger-pointers, spiteful neighbors, business rivals, or cast-off girl friends. Or, they may be ex-comrades trying to buy immunity by naming others.

Actually, a man accused of suspicion of disloyalty or of being a security risk should have the same rights as one charged with arson, rape or murder. We are here judging a man's character, his most precious possession. I know of the argument that sources in loyalty cases must remain under cover for security reasons. But for more than 175 years, we have brought accused and accuser face to face in open court without endangering society.

6. Create an appeal body. It should review security cases in an atmosphere that will be free from the

fever of politics or passing hysteria.

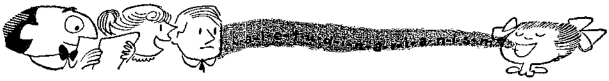
7. We should set very high standards for security officers and school them thoroughly in the Bill of Rights, rules of evidence, and tests of loyalty. Their backgrounds should be unusually high, so there will be no more unhappy spectacles such as that which took place recently before a Senate Committee. A security officer was described in testimony as being a close friend of a notorious pro-Fascist whose own organization was on the Attorney General's list. This officer used only derogatory information in rating loyalty, compiled blacklists of people not remotely associated with his agency, and falsified information that he sent to the Civil Service Commission.

8. When a man is sick in a civilized society, we do not throw him out to die. We try to find the cause of the illness and cure him. We are inclined to do just the opposite in our treatment of radicals. I would like to see the United States find out what brings people to communism, and destroy the breeding places of the disease.

I know these words will be furiously received by some. But my reward comes from letters like this one. The writer is a non-commissioned officer of long and valued service. He told me he was "disillusioned, about to be fired for reasons unknown to me, broke financially," when I took an interest in his case.

Now, he writes to me, "I must give you my thanks for your efforts to obtain a fair and impartial hearing, and uphold the law from the schemes of its enemies—the hidden, sly, sadistic ones pretending to be for security."

Family Spelling Bee



LET'S PLAY spelling games, shall we? I'm assuming you're the first member of the family to read this. So ask the others to spell the following: kimono, rarefy, battalion, guerrilla, picnicking, ukulele, diarrhea, renege, charivari, embarrass, pyorrhea, catarrh, shillelagh, connoisseur, queue, Philippine, paraffin, acquiesce, cirrhosis, benefited, rhythm, liaison, siege. Spell 20 of the 23 correctly and you should be a dictionary compiler.

They'll give you odds of 10,000 to 1 that you can't spell all 9 of the following words correctly: sacrilegious, supersede, privilege, exhilarate, indispensable, liquefy, ecstasy, hypocrisy, and irrelevant. How did you come out?

Want to slow down that wife of yours? All right, ask her to spell erysipelas. She missed it, didn't she?

Stick the members of your family with these spellings: phlegm and sieve. Bet they missed them both.

To pass an idle hour or two, try to think of words that begin and end with the same two letters. Here's a start: periscope, iconoclastic, amalgam, enliven.

—CEDRIC ADAMS, *Poor Cedric's Almanac*, (Doubleday & Co.)

The Man They Remember in St. Paul

by Rollie Johnson
As told to Jean Libman Block

Prof Norton believed in boys no one else understood—and spent a lifetime making them live up to his faith

THE MOTORCYCLE, siren wailing, forced me to the curb. It was after basketball practice and I was driving home John A. Norton, principal of Monroe High School, where I was coach and director of physical education.

The cop stuck his head in the window and, ignoring me, said to Mr. Norton, "Hi, Prof, I thought I spotted you when you went by." He took a baby picture out of his wallet. "Look at this."

Norton grinned at the picture and said, "He's a great one, Mike, a great one. Just hope he doesn't grow up to look like you. Tell your wife I asked for her."

With a friendly salute, the officer rode off.

Prof shook his head. "That Mike, he was the worst truant I ever had in my school. For a while I thought he was headed for Alcatraz. But I guess he got some sense into him at that."

St. Paul, Minnesota, is blessed today with physicians, public officials, businessmen, teachers, even priests, who, like Mike, got some sense into them, with Prof Norton's help. By the force of his will and his love, Prof made honorable men of misfits angry at the world, unpromising boys from families wrecked by prohibition, violence or the Depression.

A teacher once sent Prof a boy who'd thrown a book at her. He and the boy talked. Then Prof called in the teacher.

"I want you to help my friend Sammy buy his mother a dress for Mother's Day," he said, taking out a ten-dollar bill he'd previously extracted from one of his physician friends for just such a moment. "Sammy's old man is out of work and his mother's discouraged, and we think a nice new dress would cheer her up.

Sammy, now a prosperous businessman, has repaid Prof's gift and understanding a hundredfold in YMCA and Big Brother work.

Crusty, sentimental, alternately fierce and tender, Prof was, in my opinion, the best teacher who ever jammed learning into reluctant heads. He was the kind of coach who worried as much about opposing players as about his own.

Once, the captain of a rival team got into a jam with the police just before the big game of the season. It was Prof who got him straightened out, in time to lead his eleven to victory over Prof's own boys.

OUR HALLOWEEN
TREATS OF WILL HELP ALL
THE OF THE THROUGH
UNICEF

Prof looked much like Barry Fitzgerald in "Going My Way." He was five feet nine, with brown eyes and glasses. His hair made an unruly gray ruff around a bald crown. His jaw jutted out. He wore a newly pressed suit as if he'd slept in it.

Prof talked with equal ease to a bishop or a bartender, and his bellow could shake every window in Monroe High. But when he spoke of death and duty in a throbbing voice during the assembly before Memorial Day, he dissolved the entire school, teachers and students alike, into tears.

Norton never drove a car. He got everyone to chauffeur him—though you couldn't always be sure what Prof was up to when he asked you to drive him somewhere. If he suspected you had a problem, he'd call you up and ask for a ride. You thought you were doing him a favor. But he'd actually invented the trip as an excuse to listen to your troubles.

Prof knew everything about everybody. Downtown it took him half an hour to walk three blocks. He knew and spoke to every shopkeeper, every passerby, every loiterer, cat and dog.

You couldn't say no to Prof. Whether he wanted five dollars to buy shoes for a boy who was staying home because he had none, or a job for a boy twice convicted of armed robbery, it was unthinkable to say no. You couldn't for two reasons. He never asked for himself. And he never said no to the scores who came to him for jobs, for advice, for sympathy, for money, but most of all for help in saving their sons.

Fathers and mothers of boys on probation, in reform schools, in jail or just plain in trouble, begged Prof, "Please, Mr. Norton, I'm desperate. Do something for my boy. Take him into your school."

Prof would look over his glasses and growl, "Why should I mess up my school with your boy?" But he'd get them transferred to Monroe High—even though the rules said a boy had to go to school in his own district. But Prof believed in boys, not rules. He slashed through red tape by ignoring it.

Once Prof had gathered up the

boys no one else wanted, he willed them into line with a kind of fanatic faith in each boy's innate ability to make good.

Prof didn't coddle his boys. He worked over them with the lash of his tongue, threatened them, and terrorized their parents.

If a boy failed Prof, that was the end. There was nowhere else to turn.

He once found that a youngster named Clint was stealing students' textbooks, then selling them back to their owners.

Prof descended on him at his locker. "Open that door," he roared. Trembling, Clint opened the locker which was jammed with textbooks. Prof snatched a book in each hand, clapped them to either side of Clint's head and lifted the boy right off the floor.

"You have ten minutes to return every book to its owner," Prof said in a deadly cold voice. In a second, Clint was streaking through the corridors returning books.

You might think Clint would hate Prof for catching him. But Prof figured rightly that Clint needed money. So instead of punishing him, he got the boy an after-school job. Then, one day, Clint, the ex-book thief, said, "Mr. Norton, I want to be a teacher."

Prof wrote glowing letters to help Clint get into college, and today Clint is raising a family and teaching.

Prof worked another of his typical tricks on Tom, a nasty-tempered kid who'd pulled a knife on a policeman. Prof sent Tom running all over St. Paul delivering empty envelopes marked, "Highly Confidential," to the chief probation officer, the police chief, the sheriff.

These officials knew what Prof was up to. They accepted the envelopes and praised Tom for his speed and trustworthiness.

"You must be one of Prof's boys now," the police chief told him. There was no greater honor in St. Paul.

Tom, trusted by Prof, learned to trust others. He was never in trouble again.

Prof's insistence on putting the youngster before everything else brought him into conflict with some teachers and administrators. "A boy doesn't have to pass football to take English," he'd bellow. "Why should he have to pass English to play football?"

Prof didn't lack respect for good marks. But if belonging to the football team was what stood between a student becoming a future outlaw or a good citizen, he was willing to give the kid a very big benefit of the doubt in geometry and Spanish.

LOOKING BACK, I wonder how Prof found time for everything. He ran a big high school. He was forever rushing to court, to jail or to police headquarters to comfort or bail out his more obstreperous charges. He was often summoned in the middle of the night to stop a fight or escort a roughneck from the scene of violence. He never missed a sporting event within miles of St. Paul.

He encouraged any number of students to go on to college and professions. He helped them get scholarships. He got jobs for them. Then, as soon as they were established, he tapped them for jobs for his newest crop of boys.

During World War II, Norton

managed ship launchings for Robert Butler, a Minnesota industrialist and old friend. Summers, he sent his wife and three sons to his camp at Whitefish Lake while he toured the state selling textbooks to Catholic schools.

John A. Norton grew up, one of eight children, in a hard-pressed family in South Boston. His father was the custodian of a pre-Revolutionary cemetery. John earned his first money by compiling humorous inscriptions from Yankee tombstones into a booklet which he sold for a quarter.

Somehow he got through Boston Latin School, then Dartmouth, where he supported himself by waiting on tables and repairing shoes. He intended to study medicine, but his odd-job money wouldn't stretch that far.

He taught at St. Thomas College in St. Paul. There, as one of the few lay teachers among the priests, he acquired the enduring nickname, Prof. He served 11 years as teacher and coach at Mechanic Arts High and 20 years as principal at Monroe.

During the Depression, when older, jobless boys were running wild in St. Paul, Prof organized them into football leagues. His street-gang matches were loosely controlled free-for-alls. Once when a team known for its cowardice showed unexpected fight, Prof suspiciously sampled the water jug. It was filled with straight whiskey. Prof kicked the jug right between the goal posts.

Later, Prof cajoled $1,500 from the Community Chest to provide professional leadership for his "floaters." He consolidated the teams into a YMCA gang program.

On a piercingly cold night in January, 1947, Prof made a speech at a PTA meeting. Afterward, he was chilled to the bone waiting for a bus on a windswept corner. The next day he complained of pains in his shoulder. Early the following morning he died, at the age of 62.

Assistant Principal John Gran placed a notice on the bulletin board announcing Prof's death and closing school for the day. Within 15 minutes, the entire student body filed into St. James Church to pray for Prof. His funeral procession stretched for two miles through the streets of St. Paul.

Judges, priests, ex-convicts, teachers—all came to say farewell to the principal who, through his own untiring efforts, had helped so many of them to success.

Quoteworthy

FAILURES INSPIRE pity, seldom admiration. The streets of the City of Failure are paved with alibis—some of which are absolutely perfect.

—HARRY A. EARNSHAW

PEOPLE WHO CANNOT find time for recreation are obliged sooner or later to find time for illness.

—JOHN WANAMAKER

WHAT IS DEFEAT? Nothing but education; nothing but the first step to something better.

—WENDELL PHILLIPS

—The Forbes Scrapbook of *Thoughts on the Business of Life,*
copyright, 1950 by B. C. Forbes Sons Publishing Co., Inc.

Three's Company . . .

. . . and four's a crowd in this quiz, says Comedian Ken Murray, guest quiz editor this month. Murray, seen on television stations across the nation as star of his new show "Where Were You?", knows about threes: his trademarks were a cane, an unlit cigar and a fedora. He lists four proper names in the groups below, but one doesn't belong with the other three—throw it out! Pinpoint the common denominator, says Ken, then show the culprit to the door. (Answers on page 74)

1. Richard Neuberger; Joseph Martin; James Duff; Robert Kerr.
2. Sydney Carton; Miss Havisham; Oliver Twist; Amelia Sedley.
3. Amati; Steinway; Stradivarius; Guarnerius.
4. James; Tom; Lana; Jennifer.
5. John Winthrop; Adlai Stevenson; Fiorello La Guardia; Huey Long.
6. Nancy Drew; Mike Hammer; Jane Eyre; Joe Friday.
7. Bordeaux; Gorgonzola; Edam; Cheddar.
8. Checkers; Flicka; Nana; Fala.
9. Maude Adams; Mary Martin; Sarah Bernhardt; Jean Arthur.
10. Burns and Allen; Benny and Livingston; Ball and Arnaz; Gleason and Meadows.
11. Martha; Sarah; Ruth; Eve.
12. The Ink Spots; the Champions; the Gaylords; the Four Aces.
13. Dallas; Carson City; Columbus; Jefferson City.
14. Calpurnia; Pompeia; Eurydice; Cornelia.
15. Wally Cox; Eve Arden; Ronald Colman; Marie Wilson.
16. Monet; Pissarro; Braque; Manet.
17. Matterhorn; Vesuvius; Fujiyama; Popocatepetl.
18. Denise Darcel; Zsa Zsa Gabor; Jeanmaire; Leslie Caron.
19. Carl Jung; Joseph Schumpeter; Karl Menninger; Sigmund Freud.
20. Tenley Albright; Tony Trabert; Dick Button; Barbara Ann Scott.
21. Louis Brandeis; Earl Warren; Learned Hand; John Marshall.
22. Clare B. Luce; Ruth B. Rohde; Oveta Culp Hobby; Perle Mesta.
23. Allan Dafoe; Hippocrates; Martin Arrowsmith; Nathan Pusey.
24. Yogi Berra; Bob Lemon; Robin Roberts; Johnny Antonelli.
25. Cho-Cho-San; Brunhilde; Guinevere; Musetta.

What American

by Asya Johnstone

I have heard American women criticized in France where I was born and spent my childhood, in Switzerland where I went to school, in England where I lived for a time with my American husband. Soon now, I am thrilled to say, I will be an American woman myself, for my citizenship is coming through in a short time.

I have been living in America for several years now with my husband and my two children. And I am very proud, not only to defend American women, but to thank them all from the bottom of my heart for what they have taught me.

I have learned so much from them, and I know now why American women were so much criticized abroad.

It is because European women so often feel that they are losing their place as the symbol of all that is womanly. Still tied to a great extent by iron traditions and weighed down by tired concepts of femininity, they see their American sisters enjoying a new freedom—in the home, with men, in work and in play.

But what woman will freely tell you that she feels surpassed, displaced? Oh no, she will not admit that. Instead, she will throw little sharp darts of criticism at her more glamorous, freer and more vital sister. We are all alike in that, we women. We must understand this, and forgive it when we see it in European women.

I so well remember when I first began to suspect that European women were jealous of, not superior to, American women. And it was when I received my first lesson from an American woman.

It came from an American girl who was in my class at the Sorbonne, the famous college in Paris. There were twelve girls in the class and four men. One of the men—Jacques Morin—I fairly worshipped. He was intelligent and handsome, though a bit shy.

Being European, and a lady, naturally I could in no way (then) be even faintly aggressive. But this was not true of the little American. We European girls sat together, refinedly separate from the men. But she, bold and brazen American, sat with them at every class. And worse—she not only went to cafés with them, but even paid her own check.

How we put her on the hot fry-

Women Have Taught Me

This European-born housewife has found their frankness and freedom shocking, baffling and—to her surprise—rewarding

ing pan. She did not have a shred of respectability left when we were through. She was unfeminine, forward—and heaven knows what.

Three months passed. Then one day she stopped me and, in the friendliest manner and in wretched French, said: "Excuse me, could you help me out? A friend of mine was to double date with Jacques Morin tonight and she can't make it. Could you fill in for her?"

I felt faint with excitement. But could I? Did I! And what a night. And what a wonderful Spring that was.

What is this something that an American woman taught me? Well, I realized that it was her directness with men, her friendliness, her *lack* of those qualities of demureness and coyness we had been taught to value, that had opened the way to my knowing Jacques. It was my first view of the rewards of openness between the sexes.

Of all that American women have taught me, I think this ability to be open and comradely with men is the most important. I have learned from them to remove the barrier between me and the world of men. And as a result, I am a far happier and more womanly woman for it.

But this equality with men did not come to me easily or quickly.

I had been working as a secretary in America for a year, when my husband-to-be told me that his salary had to be cut and our wedding would have to be postponed indefinitely.

I was bitterly disappointed, but, in typical European fashion, resigned myself to the blow. Yet, underneath, I felt hostile and bitter toward him.

Luckily, a girl friend of mine at the office caught me crying and pried the story out of me.

"But Asya," she said, "you make $55 a week. With his salary you'll have $95 a week between you. Why, you'll be rich!"

I looked at her aghast. "Work when I'm married? My husband would be shocked, offended."

She smiled. "Not an *American*, dear!"

How right she was, and how delighted Sam was when I told him of my decision to keep my job and go ahead with our wedding.

One of the chief darts European women throw at American women is that they have no sense of the tragic in life. They say that American women are superficial—unused to hardship, unable to handle themselves, either emotionally or practically, when real tragedy strikes.

I have found nothing further from the truth about American women. I know one whose husband was paralyzed by a stroke and who took over his business; another whose only child, a lovely little boy, was killed, and who now devotes her leisure hours to boys' club work; still another who lost her sight and whose courage is a constant source of inspiration and help to those around her.

European women level this charge of superficiality against American women because American women have a wonderful sense of *fun* in life. They know how to play—to really and truly have a good time.

When I came here I did not know how to play tennis, to bowl, even to dance very well. Most of us did not learn those things in Europe.

I had to learn—just to keep up with American women. And it has broadened me considerably.

I think that American women, *because* of their insistence on fun, on the joys of existence, are essentially deeper than European women—and are better able to cope with tragedy when it does strike.

Another thing for which I shall ever be grateful to American women is that they have taught me *not* to emphasize the material things in life. Some will laugh at this. But, they will say, the American woman *is* fabulously materialistic.

Yet this is not true.

The American woman, because she has these things in great plenty, has been able to afford to look beyond them to the more important things. She values far more her relationship with her husband than she does his job and his paycheck; she cares far more whether her children are healthy and happy than whether they have as many toys as the children next door.

A woman's relationship to her children is perhaps the most important thing to her. And it is in my relationship to my two boys, one nine and one eleven, that I see the flowering of all the things that American women have given me.

In France, the father is dominant in the family; the woman tends to be in the background. But that is not so in my family here in America. My husband has to go on business trips and, when he does, I have gone fishing with my sons, played tennis with them.

And this has helped to create fun in the relationship between my sons and me. They treat me with the open friendliness and equality that I have observed in the families of my American friends. I am not a pretty doll to them, as my mother was to us, a fragile shadow in the background. Nor am I merely a drudge, who spends her days in the kitchen. I am somebody to be reckoned with and therefore, in important matters, listened to. I am an American mother and I have a glory in it.

There are many other things I have learned, but these are the big things. American women have given me a new dimension in my life, a new individuality—a chance to live up to the real potentialities I have felt within me. And my gratitude to them shall be boundless forever.

Guide to Gridiron Razzle Dazzle

What used to be a simple game has turned into a combination of trickery and esoteric strategy that even stumps the experts

by JOHN LARDNER

SOON AFTER THE DOOR was invented, it became obvious that here was something that filled a need, and would go down through the centuries with little change in basic design. Football has never had that kind of stability.

A child of three can understand a door—he knows whether it is open or shut, locked or unlocked; and a child of 11 (these are 1950 averages, for West Virginia) can figure out all that remains to be known—whether, if the door is locked, it happened before or after the horse was stolen.

Football cannot be followed in the same hard, intelligent way, by either children or adults, because its state has been one of flux and fermentation ever since the first American college game was played in 1869.

For one thing, college football has returned to the old one-platoon system. Two platoon—the fashionable game of a few years ago—was, as you probably remember, a game of specialists. When X University had the ball, it used a platoon of offensive experts. When it lost the ball, it sent in an entirely new team—the defensive platoon. The two teams saw something of each other as

From the *New York Times Sunday Magazine*

they cantered in and out, but aside from this short interlude of fraternization they were like ships that pass in the night with their radios dead—each wholly unfamiliar with the other's racket.

For amateur scorekeepers, keeping track with pencils, the problem was not overtaxing. With Schwartz and Hubcap, offensive and defensive left tackles, the changes for left tackle in a single period would run as follows: Hubcap, Schwartz, Hubcap, Schwartz, Hubcap, Schwartz, Hubcap, Dooley, Schwartz. Dooley was puzzling to visitors, but not to home-town fans, who knew that the coach sent him in once per quarter to spray the quarterback's throat.

Under the present limited-substitution rule, a player withdrawn from the game in one period may not return to action until the next period—except in the final four minutes of the second and fourth quarters, when free substitution prevails, and a coach who has kept a few atavistic specialists up his sleeve, with one arm, one toe, or one finger (for touching down the ball for the place-kicker) can go back to platooning.

Older fans, who remember the days when a single football squad had fewer members than the New York State Legislature, are glad of a change that revives many ancient rituals—such as the ringing cheer for an individual star as he comes trotting off the field. In platoon football, a team came off in a body. It was hard for the fan to salute the players he liked without seeming to cheer for those whose performances had filled him with loathing.

Football-watchers have been baffled by football since its very beginnings, and not unnaturally so, what with the game resembling roulette one year and jai-alai the next. It's a strange fact, however, that up to about ten years ago, there seemed to be a steady rise in erudition among the fans.

In football's early years, knowledgeability in the grandstand was primitive stuff. Those were the years of one-man teams—of Pudge Heffelfinger and, later, Jim Thorpe.

When a sensational play of any kind was made on any part of the field by a man of any size—a run, punt, tackle, block, or second-degree mayhem—a newcomer to football might ask, "Who was that?" The football fan would quickly and recklessly answer, "Heffelfinger"—or, at a later period, "Thorpe."

It was a foolproof system, at that, because, years afterward, Heffelfinger in an autobiography or Thorpe in a banquet speech would admit that, sure enough, it was he, no matter what the play was.

In the '20s, the era of bathtub gin and premature whisky at football games, expertness among fans took on a special note of confidence and trenchancy. The dialogue would go like this:

Male fan (steering his date out of the stadium): "Some game!"

Female fan: "Who won?"

Male fan: "Harvard."

Since neither party had the inclination to look at a newspaper until the following Tuesday, the fact that Yale had been the actual winner, by 20 to 3 (over Army), would not affect the diagnosis.

But it was in the period from the early '30s to World War II that bogus erudition among football-watchers reached full bloom. It was unavoidable. The coaches were setting a killing pace, and the fans became drunk on terminology.

A typical bit of give-and-take in the 50-yard-line seats ran as follows:

Male fan: "The key play of the quarter so far was that blind-angle block that Clancy threw on Wolfmonger."

Female fan: "You said it. Boy, oh, boy, how the buck-lateral cycle eats up the yards!"

Male fan: "What buck-lateral cycle? These teams don't use it. Princeton uses it."

Female fan: "That's what I mean."

In the late '40s, most fans stopped pretending they understood football. At about the same time, confusion caught up with the coaches and players as well, and the game today is a much more evenly distributed mystery than it used to be.

But the beauty, the essence, of football is that no matter how much it addles the wits, people insist on watching it. The masochistic capacity of the public is boundless.

Recently, the National Collegiate Athletic Association discovered that fewer and fewer people were going to football games. Then they learned, much to their relief, that the suffering millions were still watching football, but in the privacy of their parlors, on television screens.

With a gasp of mixed pain and pleasure, the NCAA began regulating the new medium, protecting profits, and invoking blackouts. The core of the system today is a schedule, made up in its entirety before the season begins, of one-game-per-week national telecasts, under NCAA sanction.

The football-watcher now finds that, with good camera work, his ignorance of what is going on is no more profound than it was outdoors, and there is an expert to identify the players for him—whether by the wrong names or the right ones is a point of no importance whatever in this fine old sport.

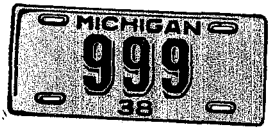
In other words, the fan has a splendid view of the game between Deltoid U., loser of six previous contests this season, and Ungainly Tech, beaten five times and tied once. When the schedule was made up two months earlier, the experts figured that Deltoid and Ungainly would come up to this television date undefeated—which shows that experts know no more about football than the fans do.

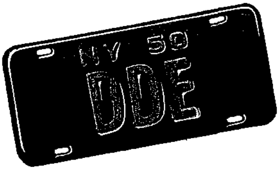
To Coronet Readers: On a New Feature

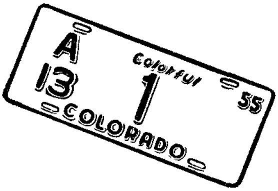
On the last three pages of this issue of Coronet, you will find a new advertising feature, the CORONET FAMILY SHOPPER. Because of the interest shown in the new and unusual items suggested in the Products on Parade editorial feature, this new advertising section was designed to bring to your attention, each month, more products and services of interest and value.

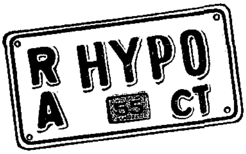
Highway

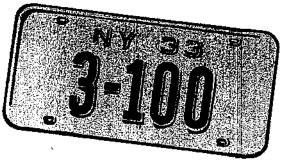
Though fancy coats-of-arms are passé, today's license plates prove people still want to show who they are











HERALDRY has not disappeared, it's just taken to the highway. Look at some of the odd license plates on today's automobiles and you'll agree.

Instead of fancy coats-of-arms, many drivers sport low license numbers to show off their big-time state connections. The competition for them is fierce, and no one is more aware of this than the politicians who dole out these prized numbers as subtle patronage.

In New Jersey, state senators once refused to approve appointment of a new motor vehicle director until he agreed to give them control of plate numbers 1 to 9 in their counties. A village president of Ossining, New York, actually seceded from the Republican Party after 35 years of service—because he hadn't gotten the low plate he'd asked for.

The three commissioners who govern Washington, D.C., assign all the tags numbered under 1000. When the Republicans arrived in early 1953, there was a wholesale turnover in low plates.

Strangely enough, the President does not have a low license. He sported a DDE when he lived on New York's Morningside Heights, but all White House cars today are numbered above 2000, a Secret Service camouflage to keep them from attracting too much attention.

A past publisher of a Denver newspaper once took a devious route to get himself a prize plate. He urged in print that Colorado 1 go to "Denver's most useful citizen." Tag 1 was finally awarded to the founder of Denver's Opportunity School. A year later, after the publicity had died down, who ended up with Colorado 1? The publisher, of course.

More than low numbers, today's individualists want letters and numbers that spell out

Heraldry

by A. F. Gonzalez

their names or their initials, indicate their occupations (a photographer used HYPO), or reveal their reputations (one driver has FAST).

Drivers will pay good money for this privilege, too. New York put a special $5 fee on the egos of its car owners and 72,000 of them paid the state $360,000 for the right to be different.

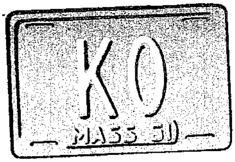
Micky Mantle, of the Yankees, courts luck with 77-7777. When he knocked out Jersey Joe Walcott for the title, Rocky Marciano was awarded KO by Massachusetts. Biggie Munn, athletic director of Michigan State, has NL-28-20. "The NL stands for never licked," he says. The numbers are the score of State's Rose Bowl win over UCLA. At the late President Roosevelt's summer White House in Warm Springs, the auto bore a simple FDR.

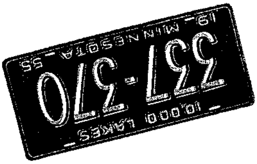
For many years, Henry Ford used 999, the number painted on the immortal Ford racing car which Barney Oldfield drove when he broke the mile-a-minute mark in 1903.

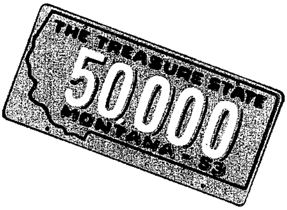
Until Louis Valentine came into office, New York police commissioners traditionally used 3-100—the last digits of their police headquarters phone number. He, however, changed to a nondescript plate and delighted in slipping up on unsuspecting patrolmen, to watch them work.

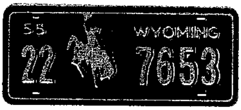
Ole Lee of Faribault, Minnesota, has a unique idea; he asks for 337-370, then attaches it to his car upside down. See what I mean?

Perhaps the most logical request for a distinctive license was presented to "The Treasure State," Montana, by stripteaser Evelyn "$50,000 Treasure Chest" West in 1953. Miss West, whose 39½-inch bust is insured for $50,000, asked for two 50,000 plates so that she could have her "motto advertised front *and* rear." Dazzled by both her logic *and* her dimensions, state officials agreed.









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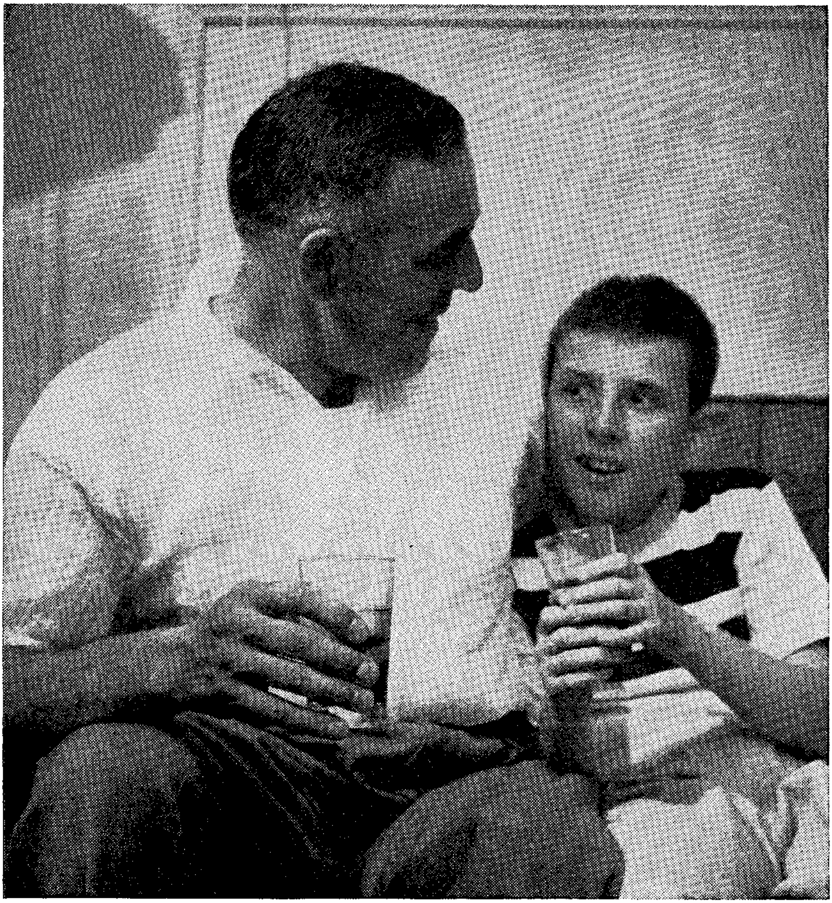


"We Kept Our Retarded Child at Home"

by FRANK PICCOLA, *as told to* RALPH BASS

Eddie is ten. He can't dress himself, tell time or play "hide and seek" like other kids. But he can repay love and affection

EIGHT YEARS AGO, when our son Eddie was two years old, doctors told us we would have to shut him up in an institution for retarded children. I usually take my time before making up my mind, but for once I didn't wait a split second before deciding good and loud, "Over my dead body!"

We haven't put Eddie away. And even though at ten he's like a four-year-old, I'd say we're as happy a family as there is in the Borough of Queens in New York City where we live. I know you'll find that hard to believe when I tell you some of the things Eddie can't do and the things that he needs help with—the help of my wife or myself.

He can't dress himself, or use a knife for spreading or cutting. He can't tell time, or the difference between colors.

He can't name the days of the week or tell his age. He doesn't know his right hand from his left, or his home address. He can't print simple words. And he can't play games like "farmer in the dell" or "hide and seek."

But I wish you'd been at our house the other day when Eddie, for the first time, managed to pour some soda into a glass and only spill a little bit!

My wife Anna and I felt the way you did when your kid brought home a perfect report card. And you could see that Eddie knew he had done something terrific. The look of happy pride and love he turned on us made up right then and there for everything we'd been through.

I don't think you could tell there is anything much wrong with Eddie just by looking at him. He's about four feet six, which isn't too small for his age. He weighs 58 pounds, about average for his build. He has nice white teeth and a straight nose. If you smile at him, he smiles right back.

It's when Eddie moves around that you notice he's different. His wrists are kind of loose, and also, he can't control his left leg too well.

About the only other outwardly abnormal thing about Eddie is his unusual restlessness. He moves around all the time and you can't get him to stop talking.

Strangers often find it hard to follow what he's saying, but we understand him. It's usually something like wanting to go for a ride or asking for a drink of water—anything a very young kid might jabber about.

Sometimes it's hard to figure out if Eddie understands everything you say to him. But there's one thing sure: he's sensitive and his feelings get hurt.

I think the main cause of these moments of misery is the fact that people don't understand about kids like him. Some of our neighbors seem to think he's a kind of monster who might do God-knows-what to their children.

About a year ago, we heard Eddie screaming and rushed out in time to see a woman give him a shove that made him stagger. It turned out that she had warned her little daughter against going anywhere near Eddie; and when the child saw Eddie she very naturally

"We waited a long time for Eddie to improve and then, at last, there was a glimmer of hope . . ."

cried out in fear and her mother rushed over to "protect her."

A little later we had a visit from a truant officer who wanted to know why Eddie wasn't in school. It didn't take him long to realize Anna and I would have gone down on our knees to give thanks if Eddie *could* go to school.

We were pretty sure we knew who had made the complaint. But we weren't really angry because we've learned one thing: people hurt you more out of ignorance than malice. We just felt rotten; and Eddie, as usual, knew it had something to do with him. He went around with a sad look that haunted me.

Once, my wife was trying to get Eddie to take some glutamic acid tablets which a doctor had suggested, feeling they might help him. He hated the stuff and, like any kid, was putting up quite an objection.

The first thing we knew, a squad car pulled up. A neighbor had figured that anything Eddie was involved in needed police action, quick! And Eddie—a kid who is all love and affection for anyone who will meet him one tenth of the way.

THOUGH THERE ARE plenty of things Eddie can't do, there are items on the credit side. For one thing, he rides a three-wheeler. It took him a year to learn. So what! He can't play with other kids. But that brings him closer to us, and I guess we have become pretty much his whole world.

I keep thinking that in six more years I'll get my pension and Eddie and I can spend more time together. He loves to go driving with me and he has a remarkably good memory. He'll tell me to turn at a corner when I make believe I've forgotten.

Around the house he plays with a tin dish he calls his steering wheel. But as simple as that would seem to make him, he can easily recognize the cars of friends a block away.

Before Eddie was born we had four other children, two girls and two boys, all normal. Our 18-year-old, Frank, Jr., is a Public School Athletic League champ. He brings his friends to the house and they all like Eddie because he is the sweetest, most affectionate little guy you ever met.

I've been a chauffeur for the city for 20 years and my salary doesn't go very far, but I think we've done everything we could to help Eddie. We don't feel we've sacrificed ourselves in any way. Sure, we've never gone anywhere without taking Eddie along—but then we haven't wanted to.

One thing I know and that is that Eddie has drawn us all closer together. Our married children live near us, by their own choice. When the doctors advised us to put Eddie away, my son John was in the Army. We wrote him about it, and I think he would have gone AWOL to stop it if we hadn't promised him we wouldn't.

That time the woman pushed Eddie, his two sisters heard about it and came around with fire in their eyes. But we calmed them down.

Because of this kind of feeling, when Eddie began to show signs of improvement recently it was like Christmas and the Fourth of July rolled into one. We had had to wait a long time, though, for even this glimmer of hope.

When Eddie was only six weeks old we noticed his eyes would stare at the ceiling. Later, he'd stiffen and his eyes would roll back and forth. Naturally we wasted no time getting him to a doctor.

The doctor said it was just lack of calcium. But we were still worried and took him to a baby specialist who sent us to a neurologist. The neurologist said he couldn't tell much. So we were right back where we started from.

Finally, when Eddie was two, we got the verdict: Eddie would get more and more unmanageable and we'd have to put him away about the age of four. That's when I made the remark, "over my dead body."

My wife and I have read a lot on the subject and now we know there are a number of things that can cause a condition like Eddie's. It can be some damage to the brain before, during or after birth. Or it might be German measles during early pregnancy, hard labor or an incompatible *Rh* blood factor.

Too little oxygen for the baby during delivery has also been blamed, and in early childhood encephalitis or meningitis can do the harm. But it has nothing to do with heredity, and many times, as with us, nobody knows what happened.

We do know that Eddie doesn't come within the more easily recognizable classes of retarded children: mongolism, cretinism, microcephaly or hydrocephaly—though children in this last group are not necessarily mentally retarded. As I understand it, these types come to about this:

In mongolism, doctors say, the features of the child resemble those of the early fetus. Although the cause is unknown, it is suspected that there has been arrested development during pregnancy.

A gland gone haywire, the thyroid, is responsible for cretinism. If the child's thyroid isn't working right, he may not develop mentally or physically. He sometimes looks like a mongoloid child.

Microcephaly means the child has a small and peculiarly shaped skull; and hydrocephaly is brought on by too much fluid around or inside the brain, causing the head to become abnormally large.

But, like Eddie, most retarded children look pretty much like other kids.

The thing that happened recently, and made all the difference in the world, really goes back about two years. At the post office Anna saw a collection box of the Association for the Help of Retarded Children, the New York affiliate of the National Association for Retarded Children.

Just learning there was such an organization was wonderful news. We got in touch with the Association right away and they told us they had started special classes for children like Eddie. He hadn't been able to get into any of the regular Board of Education classes for retarded children because he wasn't up to it.

Last March he was admitted to

the Association class! There are only nine kids in it, so each gets the attention he needs.

In the few months he's been going, Eddie's span of concentration has increased and he can sit a little longer. But I think the years we devoted to him at home have had something to do with that, too.

The other day his teacher came to see us. She said, "Eddie reflects love—he's a happy child."

If sufficient progress is made, maybe Eddie can graduate into the regular Board of Education retarded classes. But our big goal is for Eddie, when he's seventeen, to get into the Association's "Sheltered Workshop" where they teach kids like him to do simple jobs that can make them partly self-supporting.

That's what we pray for because like all parents of retarded kids, our greatest fear is the future. You get an awful feeling in the pit of your stomach when you think of someone who needs you so much having to get along without you.

For the upkeep of classes like Eddie's, parents pay according to their ability. In many cases that isn't much, and the Association must depend upon public support to keep these classes going, maintain its clinics, its recreation and training centers and the Sheltered Workshop. There is also a great need for research.

Every year 120,000 retarded children are born in the United States, and today there are more than a million and a half of them. More than a million, like our Eddie, live at home.

For some families, the answer may be institutional care. If the child lives in a world of his own and you can't reach him, I suppose there's nothing else to do. But if it can be managed somehow, my wife and I believe he belongs at home.

Keeping a boy like Eddie at home takes a lot of faith and endless hard work. At the beginning, you keep hoping the doctors are wrong. Then you adjust—you learn to accept it. And in the end you find your reward, watching your offspring grow and flourish as much as nature will allow. And you remember—love is all that matters.

Gridiron Glossary

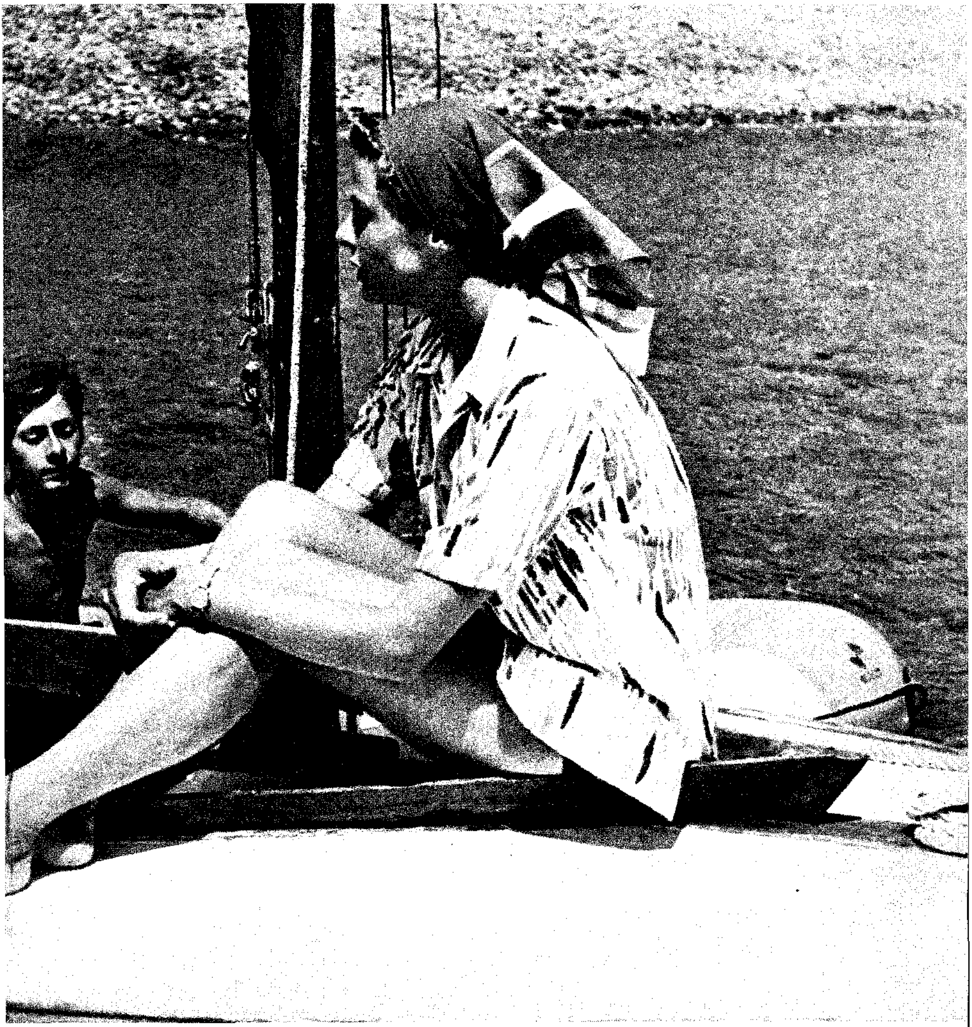
A BRIEF DICTIONARY of words popular as morale-builders to the football team on the short end of a lopsided score:

Unbowed: Close, but you lost.
Scrappy: Made a touchdown on the opponent's fourth team.
Outmanned: Almost scored in a lop-sided whitewashing.
Game: Took the ball up to midfield—once.
Fearless: Racked up a first down.
Daring: Recovered a fumble.
Valiant: Kept eleven men out there all the time.
Gallant: Fielded a team when you knew better.
Plucky: 99 to 0.

—EDDIE FINLEY (*Columbia, S.C. Record*)

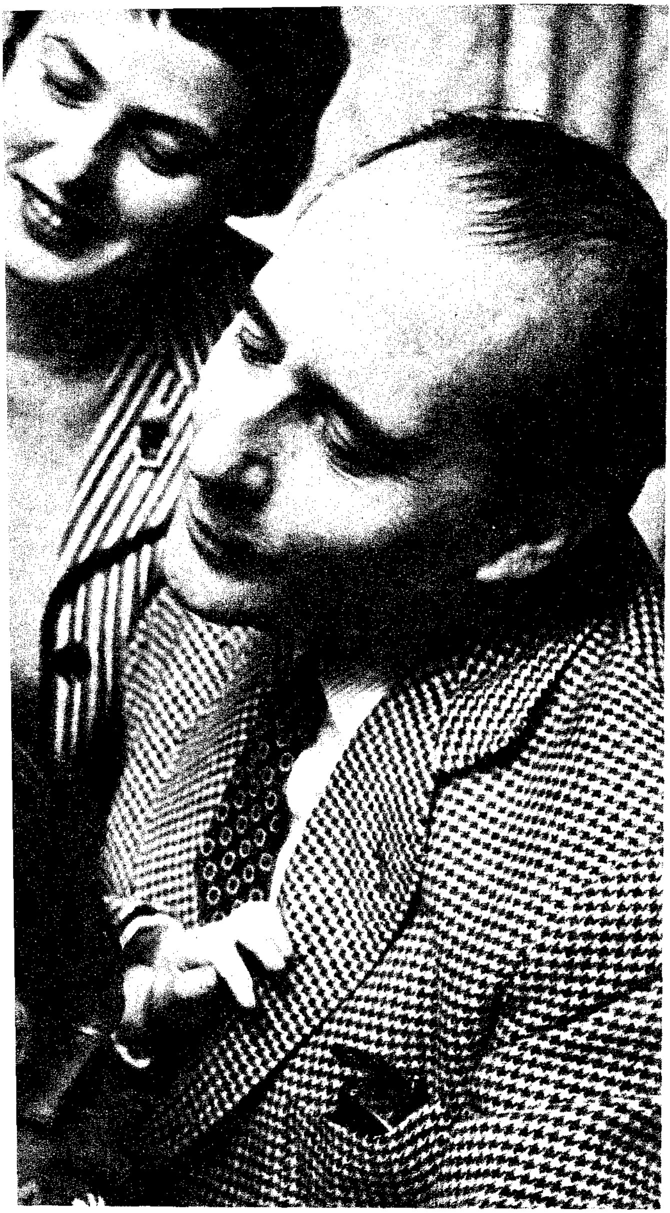
Ingrid Bergman... The Woman America Can't Forget

SHE WAS perhaps America's top actress, and her fresh, wholesome beauty had an almost spiritual quality. She sailed for Stromboli six years ago to make a movie and shocked the world by deserting her husband to bear another man's child—never to return, never to be forgotten. Ingrid Bergman's life today has an Italian flavor, from her haircut to games like *bocce* (a form of bowling) and fast cars.



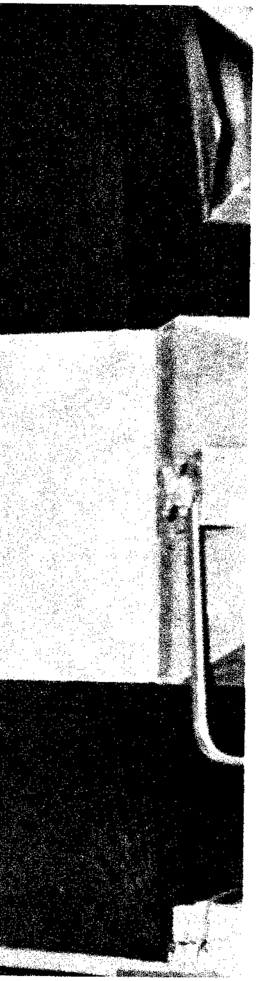
Although now married to Roberto Rossellini, the man who fathered her child, Bergman has not overcome strong public opinion nor her own private hurts at the outcry raised. Even her native Stockholm attacked her during her stage tour this year, and she vowed never to return. But whether she is movie-making or sunning on the Mediterranean, Ingrid Bergman at 39 is still a magnetic star and taunting enigma to an ever-curious world.

In Italy, the center of the universe is the family, and the Rossellinis look forward to the time they can spend quietly at home with Robertino, five, and the twins, Ingrid and Isabella, three.



Ingrid's children—who mirror her soft beauty—have filled the aching void of the days when she lost custody of her daughter Pia by abandoning her first marriage.

Gradually Bergman's desire to act again revived. Under Rossellini's direction she has made six movies, including "The Greatest Love" and "Fear." In their recent project together, Honegger's oratorio, "Joan at the Stake" (*above*), she returned to the stage (in a non-singing role) and scored her biggest success since leaving Hollywood. They toured European capitals with this opera and also filmed it. The Rossellinis maintain a busy schedule.



Bergman has played Joan of Arc in the theatre and in movies, but non-singing opera was a new medium and often exhausting. She leaned heavily on her husband for strength and guidance, and filled the long rehearsal hours by knitting for the children.

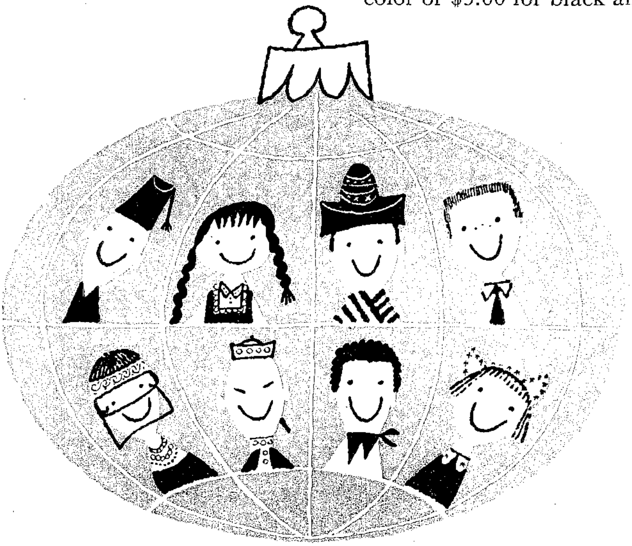
Film offers from America arrive daily, but Ingrid Bergman is content to work only in Europe. "Still one of the most beautiful women in the world," is the verdict of those who visit her. She recently agreed to act in "Tea and Sympathy" on the Paris stage—directed, of course, by the man for whom she gave up so much, with whom she is still very much in love.

Christmas
customs
near
and far

A new Coronet film as appealing to children as the tremendously popular films *The Littlest Angel* and *Silent Night.*

Christmas Customs Near and Far gives a warm picture of the pleasures enjoyed by children the world over during the Christmas season. It portrays yule customs of the Western Hemisphere, Europe and Asia.

This film is 1¼ reels in length, and may be purchased at the same price as *The Littlest Angel* or *Silent Night*—$125.00 in color or $68.75 in black and white. All three of these outstanding Christmas films are available for rental from the principal film libraries, usually at $10.00 for color or $5.00 for black and white.



For further information concerning purchase or rental sources for these 16mm sound films, write to:

Coronet Films

Dept. CM-115
Coronet Building,
Chicago 1, Illinois

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by HAL KANTER

A WHISK-BROOM-HEADED, oatmeal-faced pixie stepped before a TV camera in Studio D of the NBC building in Hollywood on October 2, 1954, and blandly said, "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. I'm very glad to be back. I was here yesterday . . . for the rehearsal."

The studio audience erupted in a roar of laughter which startled the occupants of the control booth who had been expecting only a few quiet snickers.

The pixie wasn't startled. He waited for the laughter to subside, impeccably timing that hairline moment when he would go on with the script.

"What I was rehearsing," he continued, "was this show that—" and here his tone changed suddenly, as if he had forgotten to read a footnote at the bottom of the page.

"Oh!" he said with an oral finger snap. "My name is George Gobel. George L. Gobel. The L doesn't stand for anything, really. It's just so I can have G.L.G. embroidered on my shirts . . . so, at the laundry, my stuff doesn't get mixed up with Greta Garbo's stuff."

inch from the truth

When a gentle elf named George Gobel faced the cameras for the first time—television comedy grew up

Because the audience laughed so long at every joke point, when the half hour rolled into the final segment there were only three minutes of air time left—and five minutes of script to do.

During the 60 seconds given over to the filmed commercial, I dashed from the booth to the stage, cornered George and guest star Fred MacMurray and told them to skip a large portion of the rehearsed material.

"How's it goin'?" George wanted to know.

"How's it going?" I said. "Stop being so funny! This is supposed to be a quiet little show."

I got back to the booth in time to hear the wind-up. George killed them.

After we'd signed off the air, all of us in the booth were limp. It was seven-thirty, Coast time, and (as the show's producer I say it with the utmost humility) a new era in television comedy had been born.

George Gobel is a unique actor. What makes him unique?

The reporters and writers who swarm about the little man trying to find out all finally get around to asking him how tall he is.

"Five feet five," he tells them, and they print it.

George Gobel is not five feet five. He measures five feet four and three-quarters inches from heel to bristles.

Therein lies the answer to what makes him unique: George Gobel is a quarter of an inch from the truth.

No matter what he tells you, onstage or off, you accept as certainly possible and probably probable. His face is honest and you believe him. You should. He tells you the truth—except for that quarter of an inch.

George Gobel has been described as a "dead-pan" comedian. He isn't.

While his face doesn't go through gymnastic contortions to mirror the route of a thought through his mind, his eyes glitter, gleam, twinkle or turn deathly flat to point up in a graphically explicit manner his delicious enjoyment of a statement, his profound abjection at overwhelming forces or his fear of apparently imminent disaster.

His eyes are articulate to the

point that they can tell more of a story than a series of jokes, a complicated physical maneuver or a musical underscoring.

Dead-pan indeed! George Gobel is the most living-pan artist with whom I have ever worked.

The nice part of it all is that George isn't completely aware of his artistry. He is aware of the fact that he can play guitar. Of course, he thinks he plays guitar better than guitar players think he plays guitar.

George loves to talk. He is an incurable raconteur and an incident or chance word will remind him of a situation or a remark from years gone by which he insists on repeating.

By the very nature of his outlook on life, he finds humor wherever he goes and his retelling of any occurrence shimmers with the delight he sees in it. He is a master mimic and instills his special fun in the telling by straying that quarter of an inch from the fact.

During World War II, when he was a lieutenant in the Air Force, a fellow officer and George stopped in a country town for a coke. The pretty young waitress gave them their change and the other officer, pushing a dime toward her, said, "Here, little lady. Buy yourself a new car."

The waitress dropped the coin in her pocket. "Why, thank you, Lieutenant," she smiled prettily. "And y'all be sure and come back an' take a ride with me, hear?"

Only a George Gobel would recall this and retell it delightfully. Or incidents that occurred when he was a tyke billed as "Little Georgie Gobel" who played guitar and sang sad songs in a high, sweet tenor over Chicago radio stations and during countless one-night stands at fairs, hoedowns and rural gatherings.

The fiddlers, jug-blowers, rube comics, mountain crooners and square-dance callers who made up the colorful groups of hillbilly entertainers with whom he worked were full of fun, life and humor, and George remembers them all with affection that borders on hero worship.

When Tennessee Ernie Ford was a guest on his TV show, George and Ernie discovered they had many mutual friends although they had never met each other prior to that time. Rehearsals that week were frequently interrupted as one of them would use a country expression that started the other into a fit of laughter followed by reminiscences.

Although we got precious little rehearsing done, the show came off as one of our better ones. Ernie and George had a genuine regard for each other that glowed throughout the half hour.

I doubt that George ever met a person he really didn't like. He can find excuses for anyone, reasons to consider everyone he knows worthy of friendship. This has some terrifying effects on his wife, Alice, and his manager, David O'Malley.

O'Malley is frequently called upon to help out "friends" of George's with financial aid, a job, advice. Alice has been awakened at three in the morning to scramble eggs for some new friends George has acquired after working a nightclub date and whom he has invited home, "to meet that Alice."

That Alice—the former Miss

Humecke of Chicago—is a beautiful brunette with a calendar girl figure, remarkable calm, great humor and a capacity for patience which, while not bottomless, is astounding.

George loves his home and his family, but the years since he hung up his lieutenant's bars and Army Air Force wings to re-enter show business as a comedian found him constantly on the trot from one city to another. He was earning large salaries, had paid for a home in Chicago, but he wasn't satisfied.

When NBC signed him to a contract, he jumped at the chance to settle down in one place. The Gobels sold their Chicago property and moved into a rambling ranch-style house in the San Fernando Valley.

One summer afternoon in 1954, eight-year-old Gregg and his dad were stretched out along the edge of their swimming pool there, soaking up the sunshine. Gregg rolled over languidly and sighed: "Hey, Dad—this is livin', eh boy?"

The *livin'* didn't last long. Three months, to be exact. Since Gregg's dad was exposed to the nation that fateful October night, he has been whisked from show to interview to rehearsal to benefit to conference to club date. His telephone is never silent, his home never empty, his life never his own.

How he maintains his calm in the face of all this is nothing short of astonishing.

My first realization that he could be serious came early last season when we had to cast a bit part for one of the shows. The casting office sent several middle-aged men to the rehearsal studio for an audition. I indicated my choice and returned to the business of rehearsing George's monologue.

He went through it dispiritedly. I knew something was wrong and got him off to one side to ask if he felt all right.

"Fine," he said, rather shortly.

The next day, George told me what was wrong. (It takes him about 24 hours to tell you what's bothering him.)

As we stood around the coffee jug backstage, he said hesitantly: "Do me a favor, buddy? Next time we have to pick an actor, would you mind deciding on just one and have him come around? Or wait'll I'm gone—I feel a little sad about the ones who don't get the job."

Another time, because of circumstances, we had to audition six or seven beautiful models while Gregg and Alice were visitors on the set. When the models came in and strutted across the stage, young Gregg let out a wolf whistle.

Everyone in the studio laughed, except George. Turning to Alice, he said, "Let's get that kid out of here. His wisdom teeth are comin' in too fast!"

He took Gregg to watch a rehearsal in the studio across the hall.

In one of George's monologues, we had a reference to the guitar he was holding. "Gene Autry gave me this guitar," George said. "See? You play it with a horseshoe."

During rehearsals, a man from the network came up to George and suggested he change the name of Autry to Roy Rogers, because Rogers is an NBC artist whereas Autry is a CBS star.

George is amused by such whims of corporations but he didn't show it. He looked the man in the eye and said, "But I don't know Roy Rogers. I know Gene Autry and he gave me this guitar and I always try to tell the truth."

The man thought about that a moment, then nodded and said, "Fine. I think I can explain that." He turned and left.

George stood in a corner and laughed fit to bust.

He was a quarter of inch from the truth again. He does know Gene Autry. In fact, when George was a boy tenor around Chicago, he made some recordings on which he was accompanied by one "G. Autry." They're very friendly to this day.

The Gobels haven't made many friends among the so-called elite of Hollywood. Their social life revolves around David and Gwen O'Malley, and old friends from their Chicago days who stream through their California home.

George's patience with guests—invited or not—is equal to Alice's patience with George. He doesn't restrict it to guests, either. He once signed his autograph on 64 separate sheets of paper for 64 girl scouts who had come to visit his rehearsal.

Saturdays when he has a show to do, George gets to the studio for rehearsal at noon, on the dot. The crew is always delighted to see him. He has an uncanny rapport with them that few stars have been able to achieve. One shouts a friendly insult that starts a round of raucous laughter and good-natured ribbing.

Bud Yorkin, the camera director, finally restores order with a quiet, "Let's make pictures, gentlemen."

"You really wanna go through with this?" George asks, and the day's work begins in an atmosphere of easy camaraderie.

The two and a half hour session of adjusting lights, marking camera angles and juggling action goes smoothly, untemperamentally. George's personality pervades the whole; there is a minimum of confusion, a maximum of effort and over all the sure sense of confidence.

Television comedy grew up with this gentle pixie—and that's *not* a quarter of an inch from the truth.

Succinctly Said

A BUS DRIVER, filling out a report on an accident, came to the question, "Disposition of passengers?" He candidly wrote: "Mad as hell."

—*Supervision*

WHEN I HAD an automobile accident, Louella Parsons reported in her column: "After 35 years, Bob Hope and his shoulder have separated."

—BOB HOPE

A FRENCH TEACHER had a young student who was laboriously learning to speak the language. One day she asked the student, "What is the difference between *madame* and *mademoiselle?*"

The hopeful answer was: "*monsieur?*"

—A. M. A. *Journal*

What Ed Pulaski did during the holocaust that swept Idaho, any man of courage would have done—but not the way that Ed did it

by Ladd Hamilton

In the Pacific Northwest throughout the drought-ridden summer of 1910, hundreds of spot blazes fed loudly on tinder-dry wood and brush in the Bitterroots, the Coeur d'Alenes.

The fires joined and spread, until on August 20 a wall of flame reached from Thompson Falls, Montana, to Wallace, Idaho. Wallace, a mining town of about 5,000 people, lay trapped and helpless. The fire lines protecting it were wavering and buckling.

Ranger Ed Pulaski of the U. S. Forest Service and a crew of 40 men were fighting to hold the fire line in the Big Creek region southwest of Wallace. The ranger had a personal interest in Wallace: it was his home town, and his wife and daughter were there.

For uncounted hours now, Pulaski and his crew had been hacking away brush and timber in a desperate effort to clear a fuel-free barrier ahead of the advancing flames. In mid-afternoon it began to look as though the line would hold.

Pulaski called a halt for lunch and the crew cook began serving mulligan. The men ate with their faces toward the approaching fire, watching it through aching eyes as it writhed in the dancing heat.

Then suddenly, a hard, hot wind sprang up and turned the fire's flank. It came rushing at them with a great gulping roar and breached the fire line.

Pulaski grabbed his canteen and pack.

"Let's go!" he yelled. "Take what you can and run for it!"

The ranger lit out toward the first low ridge, the crew trailing behind.

There was no chance of stopping the fire now—small chance even of getting out alive. But Pulaski thought it might still be possible to break through to Wallace if he could find an escape route along one of the draws.

When they reached the crest of the ridge, the ranger halted and surveyed the situation. The runaway fire, confirming his worst fears, had shot flaming prongs all around them. They were cut off, and burning snags already were beginning to fall in the dry grass where they stood. If anything was to be done, it had to be done now.

Pulaski motioned the men into a tight knot.

"We've still got one chance," he

shouted above the fire's roar, "and we're going to take it." Grimly, he produced a revolver from his pack and stuck it in his pocket. "Now follow me close."

He started out at a dog trot for the last ridge between them and the narrowing circle of flames. This was mining country and, from his intimate knowledge of the terrain, Pulaski knew where the old abandoned mine shafts were in the hills.

Running through ripping brush and dodging fiery snags, he led his crew a short way into the draw. He stopped finally at the portal of a mine tunnel which burrowed darkly into the earth, and ordered the men inside.

One refused. Pulaski's revolver came out and the terrified fire-fighter crawled in, whimpering.

There seemed to be haven here—many fire fighters had sought refuge in the shafts of mines—but a quick inspection convinced Pulaski that the tunnel offered small chance for survival. Water is present in most abandoned mines. Here there was none, and he knew the men would suffocate without wet rags. Also, there was too little room for the horses, which he hoped to save.

Telling the men to lie down and stay put, the ranger made a half-blind dash of several hundred yards down a faint trail to another mine—a larger one. Its walls, he found, were wet with the trickle of life-saving water which had collected in muddy pools on the floor.

Pulaski raced back and shouted to the crew.

The men emerged, choking and gasping, into the suffocating cedar smoke. The fires were nearly upon them now. Burning branches were falling everywhere, igniting the low brush. The horses were becoming unmanageable.

Pulaski took the lead, feeling his way along the trail, slapping at flying embers. He could open his eyes only now and then, and when he did there was little he could see but rolling, dirty smoke.

Behind him the crew followed slowly down the hill above Placer Creek. No one could see farther than the man ahead of him; some kept their hands on the shoulders of the one in front.

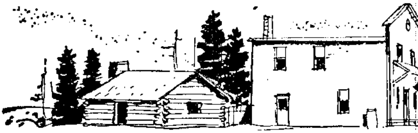
One poor devil became suddenly hysterical and leaped away into a patch of burning brush. He fell with a scream and died there, hit by a falling tree.

The rest reached the tunnel. Pulaski stood at the portal until the last man was in, then he ordered: "Every man down on his face! Wet your bandanna, shirt or anything else you got and tie it around your mouth. Lie in the water. Anybody that stands up is as good as dead."

The men lay down quietly in the stifling heat and Pulaski relaxed a little. But he had no illusions about their chances. For he knew that tunnels breathe; they suck and blow according to the whims of temperatures and currents. This one might suck in enough gas to kill them.

Almost immediately, something happened that the ranger hadn't counted on—the cedar timbering at the entrance to the shaft suddenly burst into flames.

While he beat at the fire with his



wet coat, the burning timbers sent death-dealing fumes rolling back into the shaft. The men rose screaming behind him. He whirled and ordered them down.

"And die in here like rats?" one shouted. "I'm getting out. We can make it to the creek."

"Get down, you fools!" roared Pulaski.

The nearest men rushed the ranger. His swinging coat caught a man across the face and knocked him back against the wall. Another got the muzzle of Pulaski's gun on the side of the head and went down.

"The next man who tries that gets shot," the ranger yelled.

The tunnel became quiet but for coughing and choking, and in a few moments Pulaski had the fire whipped.

Then he got a blanket from his pack, wet it in the mud and held it up to the opening. It helped a little, but the tunnel was fast becoming a gas chamber where the men lay moaning and retching as they tried to catch their breath through soggy bandannas. Some cursed, others prayed.

The horses were dying and Pulaski, fearful that in their agony they might injure the men on the floor, led them outside and put an end to their misery.

Night had fallen, but it made scant difference. Pulaski remained at the portal, holding his blanket and stooping now and then to wet it in the mud.

Outside, the fire reached a horrifying crescendo of noise and boiling flame. Rocks cracked in the terrible heat. Placer Creek steamed and hissed. Blasted tree trunks exploded like giant firecrackers.

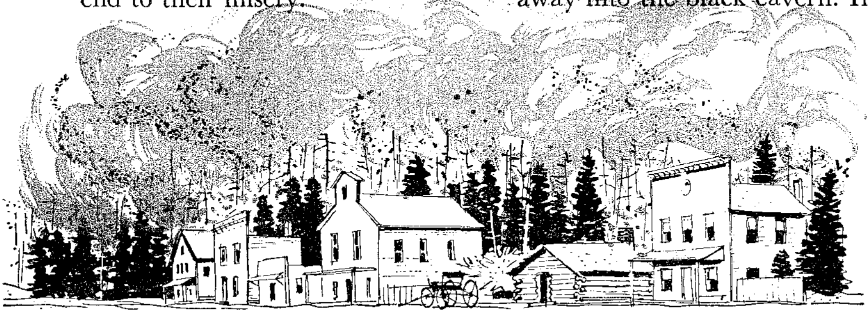
A burning snag struck the ranger full in the face, blinding his left eye. But he hung on, braced against the wall, and held up his blanket.

BACK IN THE TUNNEL, a man lying on his face in the ooze suddenly felt fingers at his throat. In panic he rolled over and stared up into the face of a boy maddened by fear and pain.

The older man thrashed and struggled, but the strength of a maniac was in the boy's fingers. As the man felt the life going out of him, a last cruel spasm racked the boy's body and he slumped over, dead.

A crew member who had been lying quietly most of the night, suddenly came to his knees screaming wildly.

Pulaski shouted to him to get down, but the big fellow raised himself to his feet and went crashing away into the black cavern. In the



deadly upper air of the interior he shortly suffocated.

Pulaski, in great pain, became so wracked with coughing that he could hardly stand. But he kept on his feet somehow, holding out his blanket, and his voice continued to echo through the tunnel all night with calm authority while his crew lay and prayed in the mud.

During the night, the last fire lines around Wallace began to go. But about dawn, the wind died and the fires were checked, with a fair part of the town left standing.

On Sunday morning, August 21, in the dirt-brown haze of a smoky sun, Ranger Pulaski came stumbling out of the charred and smoldering waste into Wallace, leading what was left of his crew. The ranger was blind in one eye, grimed with mud and ashes. His men helped each other to walk, some laughing while others wept.

They had left five men dead in the tunnel and one burned to death in the brush, but they had been delivered from the fiery furnace by Ranger Pulaski and the strong right hand of God. And none of them ever forgot it.

Three's Company . . .

(Answers to quiz on page 39)

1. *Joseph Martin* is in the House of Representatives. The others are Senators.
2. *Amelia Sedley* is the only non-Dickensian character.
3. *Steinway* is a maker of pianos. The others were violin makers.
4. *Lana* is the only one who doesn't have Jones for a last name.
5. *Fiorello La Guardia* was never a Governor.
6. *Jane Eyre* is the only non-detective.
7. *Bordeaux* is a city known for its wine. The others are known for cheese.
8. *Flicka* was a horse. The others are, and were, dogs.
9. *Sarah Bernhardt*, the only listed actress never to play Peter Pan.
10. *Jackie Gleason and Audrey Meadows*, the only comedy couple who are not husband and wife.
11. *Martha* is a New Testament character, the others are from the Old Testament.
12. *Marge and Gower Champion* are dancers. The others are singing groups.
13. *Dallas* is not a state capital.
14. *Eurydice* was never married to Julius Caesar.
15. *Marie Wilson* is not a TV educator.
16. *Braque* does not belong to the Impressionist school of art.
17. *Matterhorn* is not a volcanic mountain.
18. *Zsa Zsa Gabor* is a Hungarian—not French—actress.
19. *Joseph Schumpeter* was an economist, not a psychiatrist.
20. *Tony Trabert* is a tennis star. The others are famous ice skaters.
21. *Learned Hand* is the only judge listed who has never been on the U. S. Supreme Court.
22. *Oveta Culp Hobby* has never served in a foreign diplomatic post.
23. *Nathan Pusey*, president of Harvard, is not a physician.
24. *Yogi Berra* is a well-known catcher. The others are pitchers.
25. *Guinevere* is a non-operatic heroine.

Sharpen Your Word Sense!

hanĭclan
construction
machine

by Roger B. Goodman

Haven't you often thought, "If only I had the words to express what I feel!" or, "If only I could write it in the proper words!" Well, here's a chance for you to sharpen your word sense. Below is a passage from the works of a noted author, with certain words missing. Fill in the blanks with *your* choice from the list below. Then turn to page 78 and check your words with the writer's.

For a moment there was a 1______ hush of voices. And through that hush there 2______upon the ears of all a 3______and unfamiliar sound, as of a 4______ cannonade—5______up from the south, with 6______lightnings. Vastly and swiftly it came—a 7______and unbroken thunder roll, 8______as the long muttering of an earthquake.

Then rose a 9______cry. Some [of the guests] 10______down the doors; some 11______to the heavy banquet-tables. And then—then came, 12______through the blackness, the 13______swells, boom on boom! One crash!—the huge frame building rocks like a cradle, 14______, crackles. What are human shrieks now?—the tornado is 15______! Chandeliers 16______; lights are 17______out; a sweeping 18______19______. The immense hall rises, 20______as upon a pivot—21______into ruin. Crash again!—the 22______ wreck dissolves into the 23______ of another 24______billow; and a hundred cottages overturn . . . quiver . . . and 25______into the seething [ocean.]

Choose one word from each line of this list:

1. ghastly, complete, hasty
2. came, reached, burst
3. great, fearful, loud
4. big, large-scale, colossal
5. coming, driving, rolling
6. intermittent, volleying, sudden
7. moving, haunting, ponderous
8. bad, striking, terrible
9. loud, bitter, frightful
10. wrenched, pulled, moved
11. hung onto, clung, held
12. thundering, whispering, advancing
13. big, oversized, giant
14. seesaws, sways, swings
15. calling, shrieking, laughing
16. break, splinter, fall
17. put, blown, dashed
18. flow, mass, cataract
19. hurls, flows, ripples
20. twirls, turns, swings
21. falls, slumps, crumbles
22. moving, swirling, rising and falling
23. middle, belly, wallowing
24. huge, giant, monster
25. disappear, melt, evaporate

Those Amazing Dragons From Dixie

The alligator has a murderous tail, a nightmarish appearance and a fantastic internal system which may someday help scientists to answer many puzzling questions about the human body

by NORMAN CARLISLE

THE ALLIGATOR, which probably rates as the most repulsive of beasts, is also the toughest. Through his giant frame, which sometimes reaches 19 feet in length, there pulses a savage vitality that has kept him alive long after his ancient contemporaries, the dinosaurs, vanished from the earth.

He is, in fact, one creature who is potentially immortal, for he is equipped with organs which rarely show signs of deterioration, a system that suffers from few diseases. And he has, when he becomes an adult, only one enemy that dares defy him—man.

Unlike his cousin, the crocodile, the alligator comes close to being an exclusively American product. Only on a short stretch of the Yangtze River in China is another alligator found—a smaller, less impressive edition of *Alligator mississippiensis* that inhabits the sloughs, swamps and bayous of our own South.

Among the monster's repulsive features are his jaws. Snapped shut, they can wrench a piece from a two-inch-thick plank and leave teeth marks on solid steel. Yet, for all their violent closing power, the opening power of an alligator's jaws is so puny they can be held closed by anyone of moderate strength.

Actually, the alligator possesses a far more fearsome weapon in his tail. He uses it for swimming, which he can do faster than two men can paddle a canoe. He turns it into a bulldozer when he constructs a house for himself, burrowing out 50-foot tunnels in a matter of hours. With it, he sweeps his prey toward his jaws.

An alligator's lashing tail is murderously strong. Awed observers have seen it snap off a three-inch tree, toss aloft a 500-pound hog, hurl a man 20 feet through the air.

The alligator comes equipped with vocal apparatus in keeping with his nightmarish appearance. While other reptiles lack voices, the alligator has a remarkable one. It is no exaggeration to say that the roar of a bull alligator literally shakes the earth, for anyone standing near can actually feel the vibrations in his feet.

Besides his bellow, an alligator can hiss and say "umph-umph-umph." The bellowing he generally saves for the mating season; the hissing means he's angry. The umph-umph he starts saying even *before* he is hatched. And, but for his ability to say it, he might not be hatched at all.

Watch a female alligator build a nest and you see why the young need voices. She starts by sweeping together a mound of sticks, mud, leaves or any likely material that is handy. From time to time she packs the whole mass down by thrashing around on it.

When it has reached a height of two and a half to three feet, she works out a hollow in the center. In this she lays her eggs, as few as 29, as many as 88.

Over the several layers of eggs she puts a six- to ten-inch covering of leaves and mud. She packs this down solidly and waits for the muffled umph-umph that tells her that her offspring are ready to be released.

Carefully, she digs away the covering and exposes the eggs. Quickly the shells crack and out wriggle her 9-inch, 2½-ounce young.

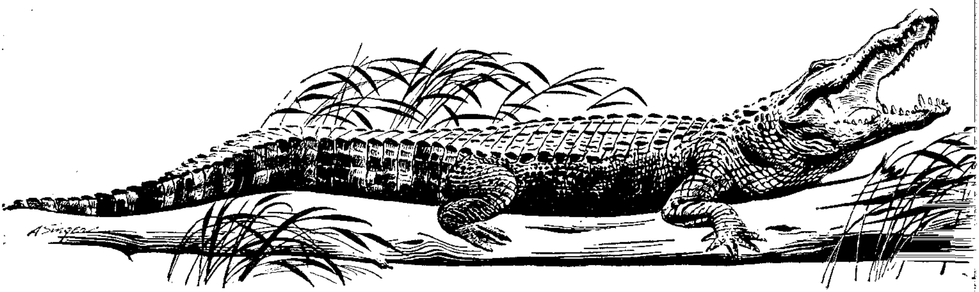
Once out of the nest, the tiny alligators will be lucky if papa is not around. For he would eat his brood as promptly as he would pigs, ducklings, or other animals.

THE ALLIGATOR is a crafty hunter whose exploits make him the terror of the swamplands. One watched a large hog swim regularly across an 80-foot stream, then selected a spot safely out of the pig's sight, from which he could attack when the pig was in midstream. The alligator's location and timing were perfect, and got him to his victim before he had a chance to swim to either shore.

Similarly, alligators stalk other favored delicacies, such as young ducklings, lying just far enough away to avoid exciting suspicion, but close enough to capture the unwary prey before it can escape. Lacking larger game, the alligator is usually content with such fare as crayfish, crabs and water beetles.

With his teeth, an oddity because they have no roots, the alligator does not bother to chew his food; he crushes it, and bolts it in undainty mouthfuls. A single alligator has been observed downing three 30-pound pigs in three gulps.

He feeds generously for seven months of the year. During the other five, he doesn't eat at all. For in



the winter, the alligator hibernates, holing up under an overhanging bank or in a tunnel which he digs with his jaws and tail.

For all his fearsome reputation as a killer, there is still a question as to whether the alligator attacks man. Certainly a female protecting a nest will attack all comers with fury. A bull at mating season resents any interference with his matrimonial affairs. And, of course, an alligator hopelessly cornered will fight back. But experts agree that he cannot be called a man-eater.

Death comes to him in one of two ways: through attack by man or one of his own kind, and sometimes in the very young through attack by other swamp animals; or through starvation. He starves because his teeth wear out; or because of a sort of torpid laziness resulting from a creeping disease that keeps him from going in search of food. The oldest alligator on record was 68.

Far from being an enemy of man, the armor-plated monster from the past may soon be hailed as a benefactor. Scientists at the University of Louisiana have found that, for some of the very reasons alligators are such fantastic physical oddities, they are also a startling new research tool.

As a king-sized guinea pig, the alligator, with his unique constitution, is giving scientists an astounding slow motion picture of the human system in action. For they have discovered that he has a system that reacts just as does the human one, only more slowly.

Give a person a shot of insulin and, instead of the desired decrease in blood sugar occurring immediately, there is actually a momentary rise in blood sugar level, due to the action of a hormone, before the insulin has a chance to do its work. This was always puzzling to medical men, for the whole process is over in a matter of minutes and therefore difficult to study. In an alligator this reaction lasts *seven hours*.

By taking blood samples directly from an alligator's heart, researchers are able to chart many puzzling reactions they never before could investigate. Perhaps some day your life will be saved by the knowledge science gains from the amazing dragons from Dixie.

Sharpen Your Word Sense!

(Answers to quiz on page 75)

The passage was taken from Lafcadio Hearn's novelette, "Chita: A Memory of Last Island," often cited for the excellence of its descriptive passages. Here are the words Hearn chose:
1. ghastly; 2. burst; 3. fearful; 4. colossal; 5. rolling; 6. volleying; 7. ponderous; 8. terrible; 9. frightful; 10. wrenched; 11. clung; 12. thundering; 13. giant; 14. seesaws; 15. shrieking; 16. splinter; 17. dashed; 18. cataract; 19. hurls; 20. twirls; 21. crumbles; 22. swirling; 23. wallowing; 24. monster; 25. melt.

Ten Lessons Kansas City Can Teach the Nation

Its aroused citizens turned lawless, graft-ridden, bankrupt Kansas City into a model metropolis

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, was considered one of the worst-governed cities in the land. That was 15 years ago.

The entrenched political machine used City Hall as a tool for its own enrichment. About half the water department employees were hacks who never bothered to report for work. Nearly one-third of a $32,000,000 bond issue for public works was channeled into favored pockets. Much of the city's physical plant was a wreck.

Today, it is different. The National Municipal League, a nonpartisan organization which keeps informed on such matters, regards Kansas City as one of the nation's best-run cities, as do political scientists and other authorities.

Citizens of less well-governed towns and cities may wonder what brought about this radical change. And, if they are practical people imbued with the do-it-yourself spirit, they may wish to know what elements of Kansas City's experience are applicable to their own communities.

There are many such. Here are some of the more significant ones:

1. Kansas City proved that the first step toward good government is to oust the machine.

For 14 years, Kansas City was the private preserve of Boss Tom Pendergast's organization. For insiders, this was a better deal than selling the Brooklyn Bridge.

The city's building department, for example, was not an instrument to safeguard the public but a device to insure the purchase of ready-mix concrete from Pendergast's own company. City building inspectors refused to approve structures in which other concrete was used.

By 1940, unpaid claims against the city reached $22,000,000, although this total was not known until later because $2,000,000 in claims was never even recorded.

Wild nightclubs, burlesque and gambling establishments flourished. The red-light district was said to be the nation's largest. White slavers operated freely. In one hotspot, the celebrated Kansas City steaks were spiced—if that is the word—by the naked waitresses who served them.

The Pendergast machine held power by passing out jobs, swapping favors for votes, using pressure or violence against the opposition, and padding the voting lists.

In two wards, there were more voters than population.

Property taxes of opposition leaders were arbitrarily increased. Harold W. Luhnow, president of William Volker and Company in the 1930s, is a case in point. A fearless enemy of the machine, his personal assessment was raised 800 per cent and his company's 400 per cent. Luhnow's answer was to fight Pendergast harder than ever.

Under the circumstances, honesty and efficiency in government stood no chance. Legitimate votes for a well-managed, plunder-free city were negated by phony votes estimated as high as 65,000 in one election.

2. Kansas City learned that citizen action is the partner of good government.

Fed up with corruption and misrule, alarmed by the declining population and the threat of municipal bankruptcy, the people of Kansas City decided that something had to be done. They organized; and through their organizations, acted.

During the '30s, the Civic Research Institute, a privately-supported agency, investigated and reported on the machine's depredations and its violations of the city charter. The Citizens' Audit Committee demanded an independent check of municipal finances. Businessmen formed the Forward Kansas City Committee, which recruited 20,000 members in two months.

Citizen sleuths found there was no record of the number of municipal employees; that nearly $8,000,000 was dispensed to the machine, without any accounting, through a so-called "emergency fund."

Such revelations spurred the reform organizations to more intensive activity. When recall petitions were "lost," a Charter Party was formed in 1939, with Hal Luhnow as chairman. This group solicited 100,000 signatures (the population then was under 400,000, babes in arms included) to a petition calling for the reduction of the city council term from four to two years. This move forced an election in 1940, two years earlier than would otherwise have been the case.

Women—more than 7,500 of them—jumped into the fight. Some, masquerading as Red Cross workers looking for long-lost relatives, tracked down phony voters. Others served as telephone or house-to-house canvassers, as typists, or transported voters to the polls.

Industrialists made soapbox speeches. Lawyers ran the mimeograph. Tradesmen stood on corners passing out leaflets. College students, immigrant draymen, society dowagers, cleaning women, clergymen, united in the common cause. Tiny brooms, worn on the lapel, became the symbol of the drive to sweep the scoundrels from city hall.

They were swept out all right.

Seven out of eight of the reform candidates were elected to the city council. And a mild-mannered attorney, John B. Gage, became the new mayor.

3. Kansas City discovered that the state and Uncle Sam can help beat the machine.

Following the 1936 presidential elections, a relentless United States attorney, Maurice Milligan, secured the indictment of 280 Pendergast henchmen for vote fraud. All 280 were convicted. Then Governor Lloyd C. Stark named a nonpartisan election board which instituted important procedural changes.

Finally, in 1939, Pendergast himself went to the penitentiary for failure to pay income taxes on a whopping big bribe. And Governor Stark persuaded the legislature to place Kansas City's police under state control. Some authorities consider this the straw that broke the organization's back. For otherwise it might still have been impossible to hold an honest election.

4. Kansas City found that ousting the machine is only half the battle.

Experience has shown that the people of many American cities have risen against boss rule successfully, only to relax and permit the machine to regain power. This happened repeatedly in New York, for example.

Kansas City, under the leadership of Mayor Gage, tried to make sure that Pendergast would never come back by organizing a permanent Citizens Association which functions not just at election time but all year round. Its 200-member board of governors represents every segment of the population.

The Association is the heir to the many organizations which cleaned up Kansas City in 1940. Among other things, it selects a slate of candidates devoted to good government and campaigns for its election. In 1955, the voters favored eleven of its twelve nominees.

Members of both major political parties as well as independents are active in the Citizens Association. Their objective is to separate local from national and international issues. Their main interest in a candidate is where he stands on community affairs. Thus, those who voted for Eisenhower and those who backed Stevenson united behind non-partisan city council candidates pledged to look after the best interests of Kansas City.

5. Kansas City made enormous gains under the council-manager form of government.

Under its council-manager government, the voters elect a city council. This is the governing body. The council hires a professional city manager, who is chief executive. The council sets policy; the manager carries it out.

This form of city government is no absolute guarantee of civic virtue, of course. Crooks and incompetents are elected city councilmen just as they are sometimes elected to other offices. In fact, for 14 years Pendergast controlled the council and, through it, the city manager.

But after the reform administration's victory, it looked for a recognized manager. It heard about a good one in Saginaw, Michigan, and persuaded him to come to Kansas City. He is L. P. Cookingham, regarded by many as the nation's outstanding city manager, and he's still there.

Cookie, as they call him, found plenty to do. He cut the number of city employees in half and made the merit system work.

A contract by which a favored firm got $500,000 in eight years to look for leaks in the water mains was cancelled; regular city employees took over the job. Commercial garbage, which the city paid a contractor to collect, was cooked and fed to hogs, netting the city a profit of more than $100,000 a year.

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

Once again, the "Littlest Snowman," created by Charles Tazewell, appears in a heart-warming Yuletide adventure. A 16-page Christmas story in glorious color.

In six years, the city paid off $22,000,000 in debts, made substantial capital improvements, and amassed a cash surplus of more than $3,000,000.

As Gage, who stepped down after six years as mayor and is now a local elder statesman, puts it, "Kansas City would not have had the kind of city government that it has had from 1941 to 1954 unless the charter had provided for the council-manager plan of city government. Other communities that seek honest, efficient, businesslike city government and do not have the council-manager form of the government would do well to adopt the system."

6. Kansas City's administration tells the people what it is doing.

The council, Cookingham and city officials maintain close contact with every section of the Kansas City public. The municipality was one of the first to have a weekly, half-hour television show telling the story of city departments and activities. In a portion of the program called "Across the City Manager's Desk," Cookingham answers questions from the citizenry. Each year, an annual report similar to those put out by corporations for stockholders is mailed to every taxpayer and voter noting the progress achieved that year.

A leaflet invites the public to city council meetings; a floor plan shows each councilman's seat. Another explains the system of government to new residents.

A network of 14 community councils, which are in turn made up of 38 neighborhood councils, constitutes what Cookingham calls a "two-way street." It enables officials to explain programs and problems to the people, and allows the people to make known their wishes to the administration. Through this system, a group of residents recently presented their case for a new playground, and got it.

7. Kansas City makes each tax dollar count.

Not so long ago, Kansas City's sinking and pension funds were millions short and its financial position could not have been worse. Now it's a different story. Today the city's credit is excellent. It gets a low interest rate on its bonds. At the end of each fiscal year there's a surplus to apply to the next budget. Idle funds are put into short term U. S. securities, the yield on which in 1955 was $437,947. A tax rate increase of 5¢ per $100 would have been needed to produce this amount of revenue.

Also, it is one of the few big cities which hasn't had to tap major sources of new funds such as an earnings tax or a higher sales tax. Nor has it had to transfer financial responsibility for any of its services to the state.

8. Kansas City plans for the future and carries out its plans.

During World War II, the authorities mapped out an extensive public works program so that it would be ready if there were a post-war depression. Before the existing municipal airport could become obsolete—because there was no room in which to lengthen its runways—bonds were authorized and floated for a new $18,700,000 international airport.

Much neighboring territory has been annexed to provide for orderly growth and to prevent the city from being hemmed in by non-progressive suburbs. In these areas, the city draws up a land-use map and acquires land promptly for parks, schools and other public purposes before helter-skelter development sets in and land values rise. It thus takes care of future needs of both the city as a whole and also its new additions—at low cost.

9. Kansas City shows the way in solving traffic problems.

In 1854, Kansas City adopted an ordinance providing for the purchase of one plow, two grubbing hoes and three spades to grade the streets so traffic could be speeded. One Michael Smith was engaged for a breathtaking $1,200 to put these tools to work. In 1954 they had given way to more than 200 bulldozers, power shovels and other pieces of mechanized equipment. Mr. Smith had been succeeded by 4,500 engineers, surveyors and workmen who are in the midst of a $200,000,000 long-range program of constructing expressways, bridges, and parking facilities.

Projects costing more than a third of this sum are either completed or under construction. Some 34 miles of expressways are charted; the first is open and carries almost as many cars daily as the Holland Tunnel. These will provide for the traffic expected in 1970.

The installation of some 20,000 modern street lights in ten years reduced the ratio of night accidents to day accidents about 50 per cent. When two important arteries were made one-way—one northbound and the other southbound— their capacity was increased nearly 200 per cent. Kansas City was also first with "Walk—Don't Walk" signals.

10. Kansas City's government is concerned with human problems.

Tom Pendergast had sold voters the doubtful thesis that his machine was concerned with every individual. If the garbage wasn't collected, the precinct captain took a personal interest and perhaps got action. If a teen-ager got into trouble, a political hack straightened things out.

The reform administration had to demonstrate—and did—that good government is more than a cold showing of efficiency. And that citizens can discuss their problems with officials without a ward heeler serving as intermediary. A balanced budget may be fine, but it doesn't necessarily meet human needs.

And so, Kansas City has one of the most beautiful and extensive park systems in the nation. Baseball diamonds, swimming and wading pools, golf courses, tennis courts, picnic grounds, are part of it.

The recreation program is impressive. There are some 500 baseball, basketball and football teams organized in leagues. The welfare department sponsors bands, orchestras, talent shows and even a historical pageant; it also runs day and resident camps.

On another level, municipal employees have been taught that they are servants of the public, and bureaucratic arrogance has given way to courtesy.

Kansas City isn't perfect. Some observers feel the state should turn back control of the police department to the city, now that state supervision is no longer necessary. And while the city has been cleaned up, much remains to be done in the two patronage-ridden counties in which it lies.

But Kansas City has undeniably done well. As Lyman Field, one of the reform leaders, says, since 1940 it has enjoyed "enlightened, progressive government. New services have been added, badly needed improvements built and the best in technical developments utilized."

Communities that can't make such a claim would do well to note how Kansas City did it.

Seller Sold

A WEALTHY INDUSTRIALIST called at a local store selling fine floor coverings to see a certain imported rug his wife had admired. The rug was actually a rare museum piece, and the industrialist seemed impressed.

A few days later he asked to see it in the room for which it might be required. The rug merchant was delighted to oblige, and when the amazing rug was spread out on the floor of the tycoon's baronial living room he said he'd take it if the price was right.

The merchant explained why the rug was so valuable. The prospective buyer said he didn't doubt it, but that he had already placed his own valuation on the rug and written a check, and that as soon as the rug man named the amount on the check, he would hand it to him.

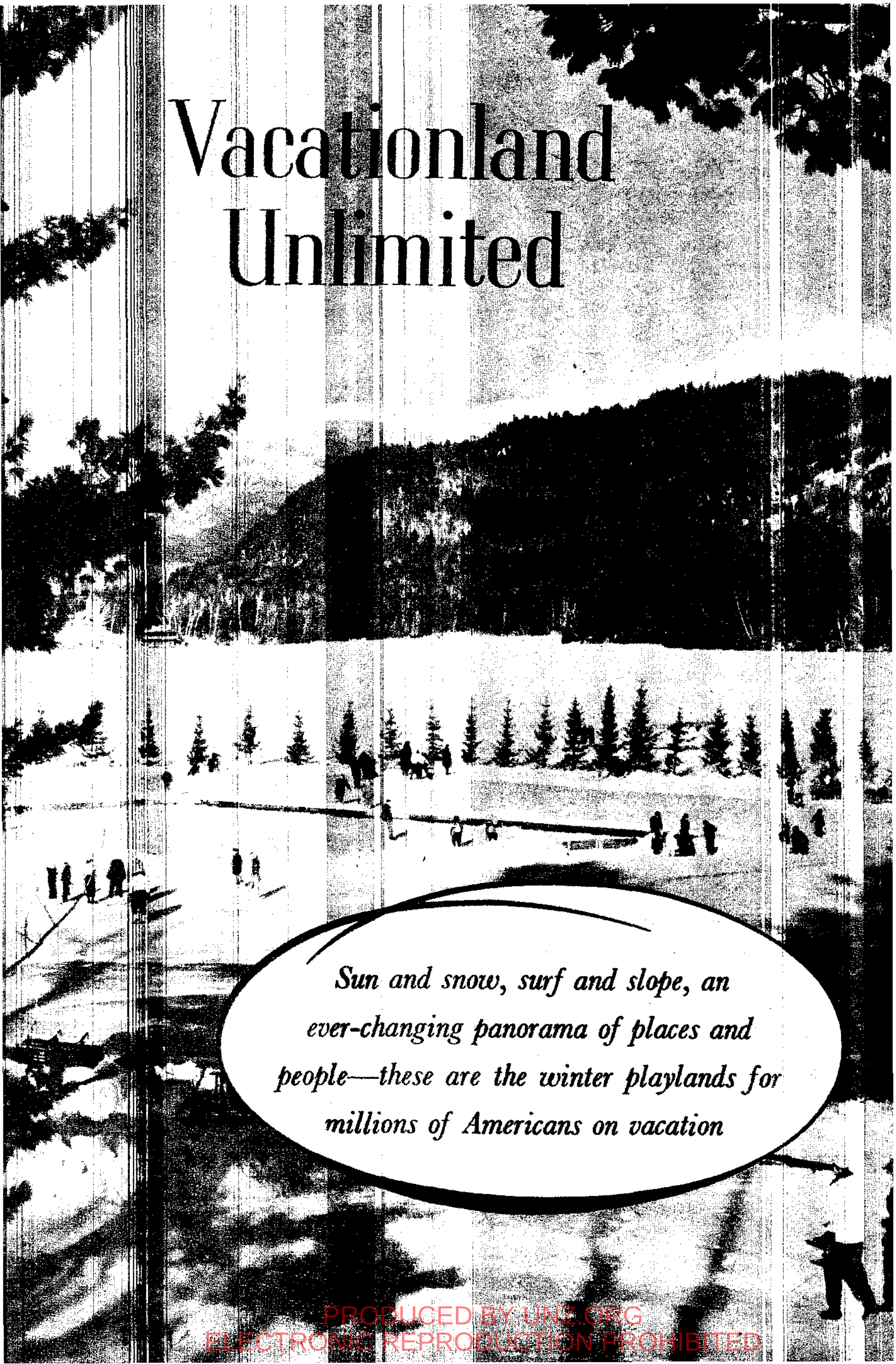
A strange contest followed. The merchant suggested $10,000. The purchaser's expression did not change. $9,500? $9,000? No reaction. He came down to $8,500. Silence. $8,000? The same.

The rug man made quite a little speech, pointing out that he was being ruined. $7,500? No interest. $7,000?

Finally, and practically in tears, the dealer said he would accept $5,000 but not a cent less, and meant it. The industrialist opened a drawer in his desk, extracted a check for $5,000 and everybody seemed very happy.

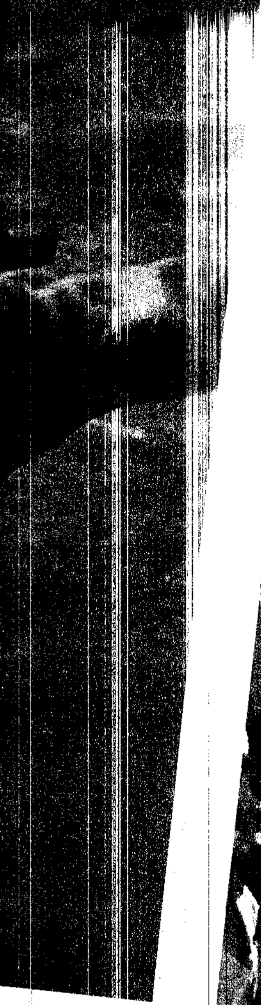
However, as the merchant put the check in his wallet, the tycoon reached into the drawer again and withdrew five more checks: one for $6,000, another for $7,000 on up to $10,000. With a smile he showed them to the merchant and gently tore them into shreds. —*Montrealer*

Vacationland Unlimited



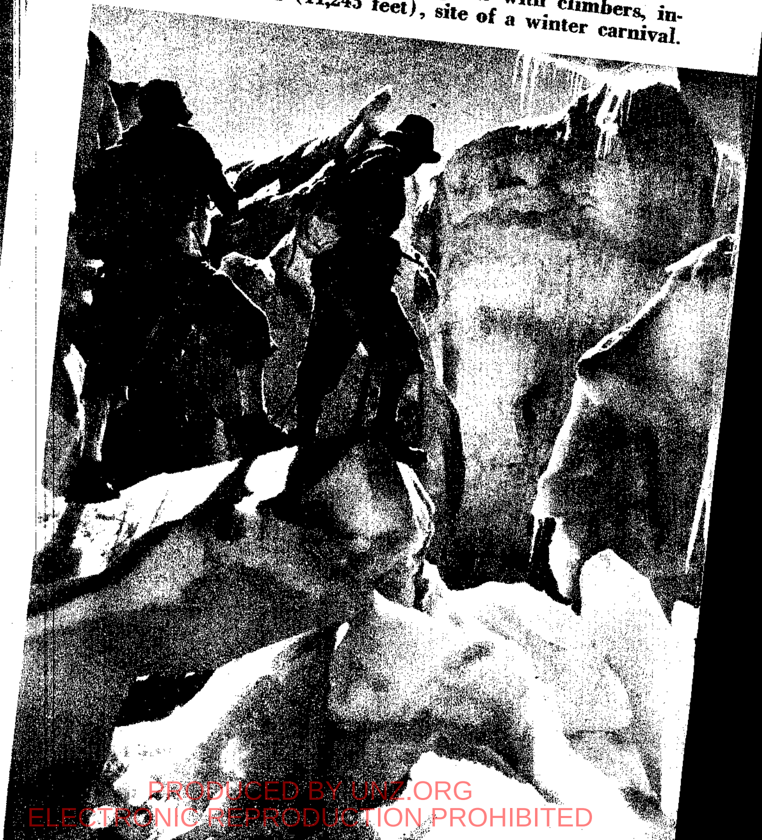
Sun and snow, surf and slope, an ever-changing panorama of places and people—these are the winter playlands for millions of Americans on vacation

Turbot, pompano and lobster swarm through the always warm, clear waters of the Bahamas, where the newest popular pastime is reef-roving along growing coral.



Only a decade or so ago, winter travel seemed to be limited to the very wealthy. But each year an increasing number of working Americans save their vacations for the winter months. Here are 8,000,000 square miles of playgrounds for winter fun, unmatched in diversity of scenic wonders: snow-capped peaks, sunny beaches, vast deserts, wild game preserves, metropolitan sophistication, and peaceful villages—a kaleidoscope of climate, mood and terrain.

Oregon's skyscraping summits, popular with climbers, include Mount Hood (11,245 feet), site of a winter carnival.

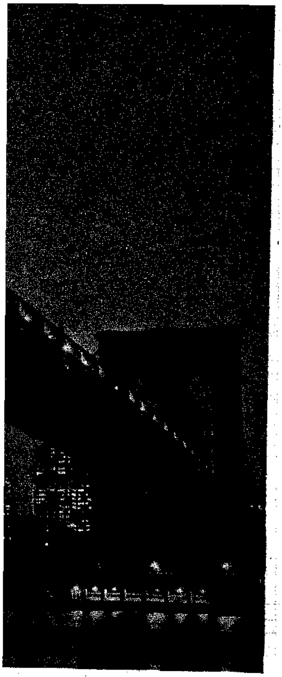


Snow sports predominate in Canada. Two provinces, Quebec and Ontario, alone, contain some 200 resorts for skiing, bobsledding, tobogganning and ice-skating fans.

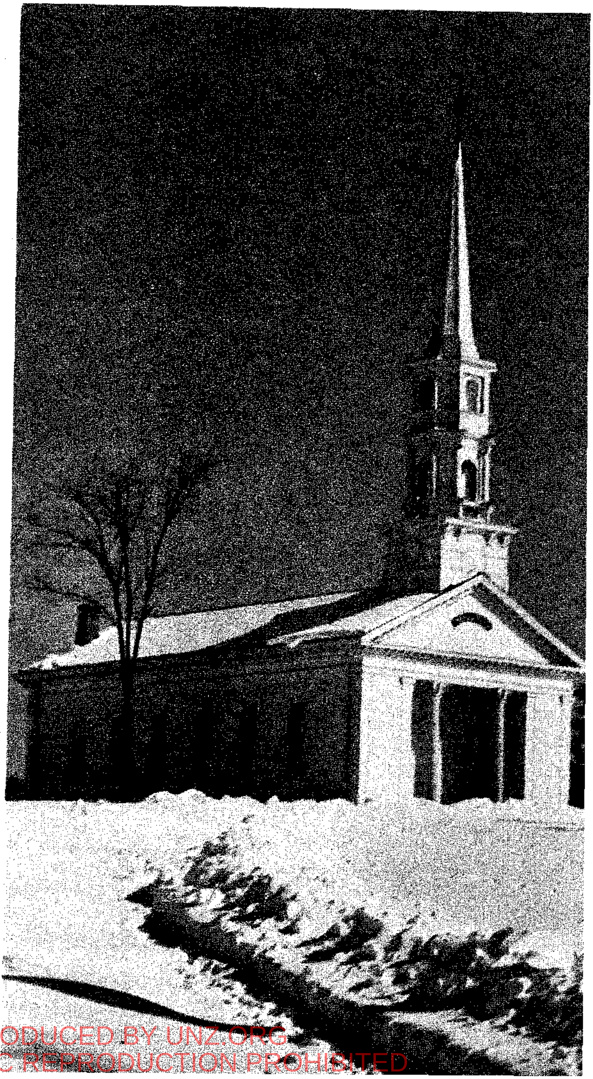
When Canada's ski spots are six feet deep in snow, Haiti's temperatures smile sunnily around 75 degrees. Up in the hills of this West Indies haven—a blend of French and African worlds—voodoo rituals *(right)* still find followers—and fascinated onlookers. Preparations for Mardi Gras, celebrated to raucous calypso, get under way early in winter.

Next to Niagara Falls, the Brooklyn Bridge is tourists' favorite photo subject.

In the eastern part of the United States, two different kinds of spires symbolize contrasting worlds. New York City's skyscrapers, glittering with promises, reflect the stimulation of a metropolis. New England's white-steepled churches stand proudly against a white countryside, embodying all the dignity and restraint of early colonial architecture and speaking softly of the serenity—and Americana—to be found in its small villages.

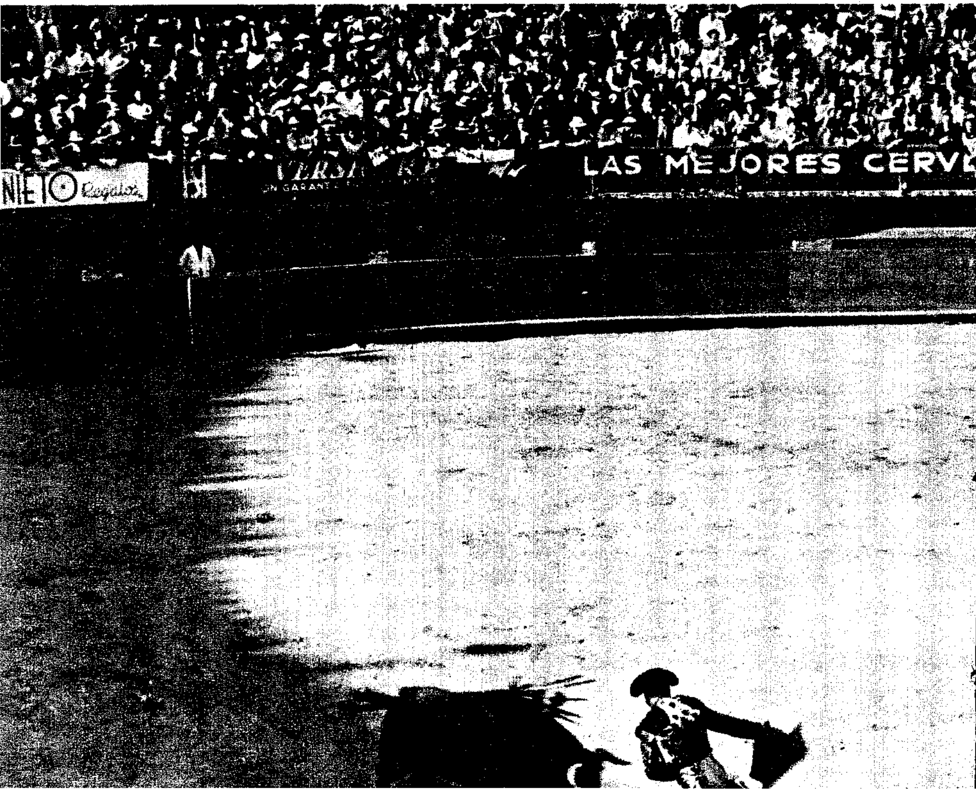


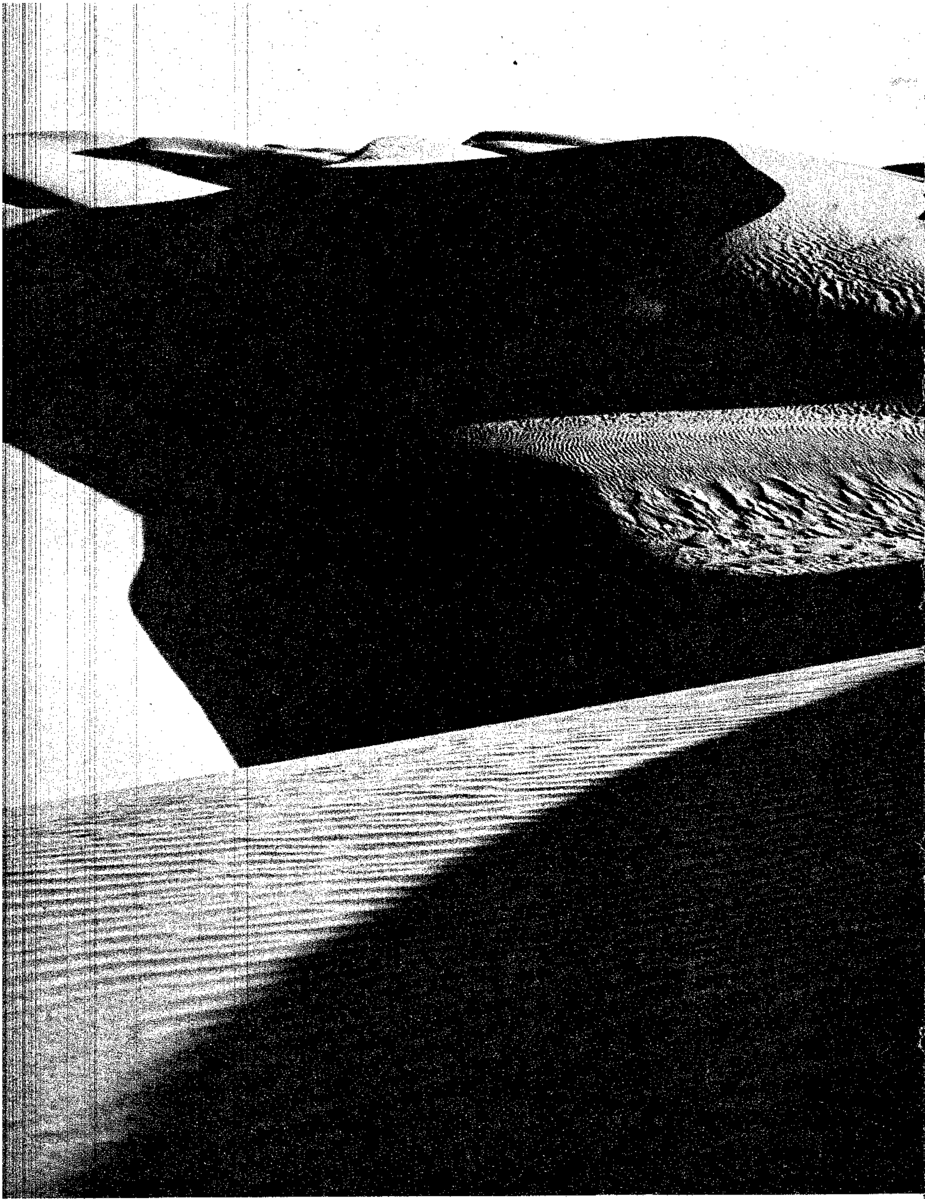
New England churches hark back to pilgrim days.



FLORIDA AND MEXICO share many characteristics—an almost-tropical climate, a robust quality and a heavy accent on entertainment. Christmas, Mexico's festive season, bustles with rodeos, cockfights, fairs and fireworks. This south-of-the-border country's zest comes from an intermingling of Spanish and Indian cultures, while Florida's vigor spills over its 2,000 sunny miles of beaches, where young people with abounding energy expend it freely in water sports like surf-casting (*opposite page*).

Brave matadors have fought death in the afternoon since 1562 in Mexico; Spaniards introduced bullfighting there. Mexico City's arena is the largest in the world.





Stark stretches of the Mojave Desert ripple silently across the horizon. In winter, climate may vary from 60° during the day to below freezing at night.

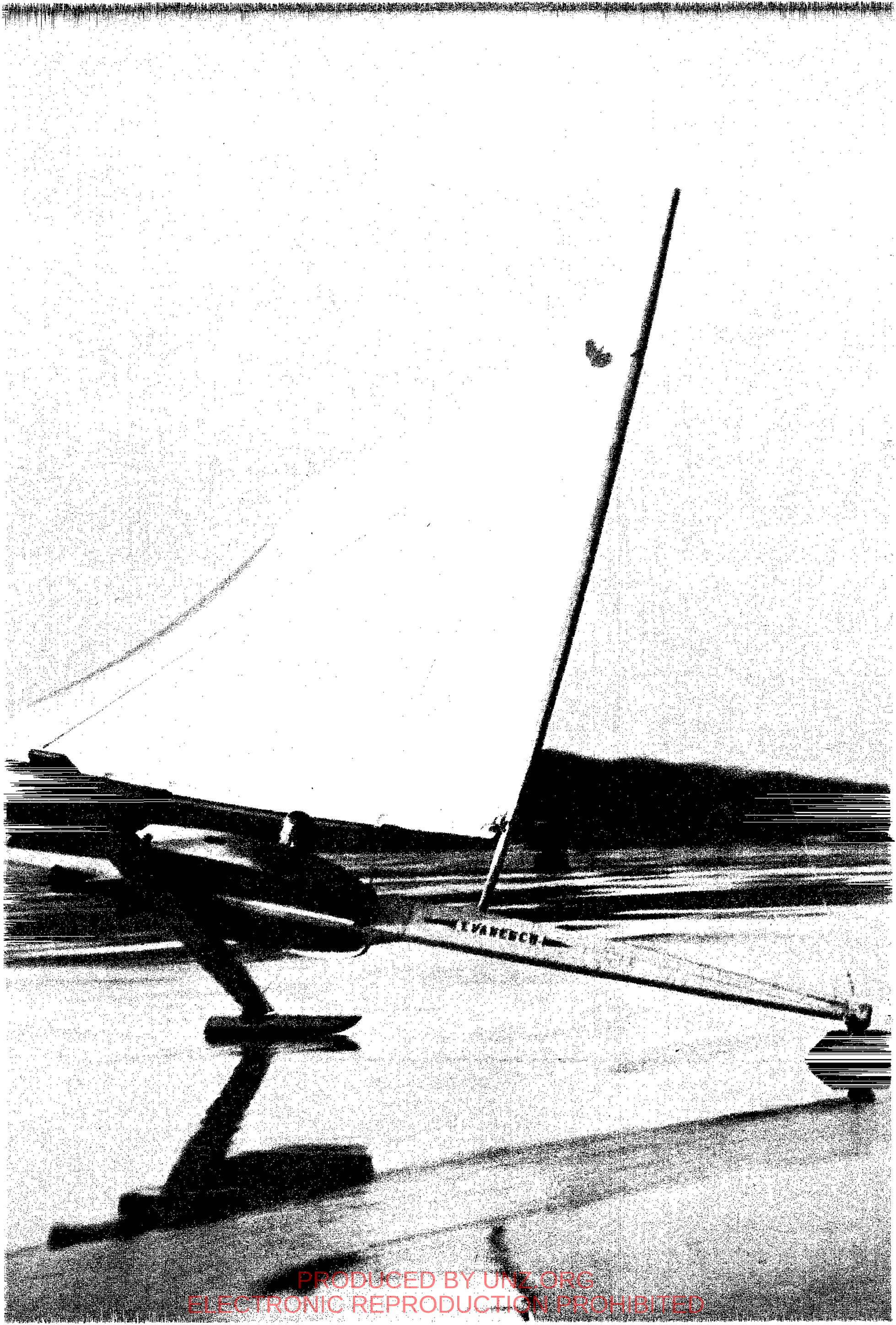
THE DESERT AND THE SWAMP, extremes in terrain, are full of mystery and splendor. Large areas of Southern California's desertlands have been tamed in recent years for farming, mining and industry. Sunning and swimming oases there are sought for their dry, clear air. Nearby, giant lilies, 30 feet high, bloom in the Joshua tree country. Across the U.S., nestled in North Carolina's Appalachian Mountains, swamp forests—where cypresses rise from the water—provide ideal sanctuaries for hunting in a typically Southern background.

The South's swamp forests reflect man's brooding moods.

SUNNING, WITH A COATING of the exotic, finds a natural setting in the Virgin Islands. Blue-green Caribbean seas and wild gardens of orchids and tropical fruit help to heighten the effect. New Mexico, heart of the Southwest, captures it in violent landscapes—which range from the famed Carlsbad Caverns and cliff dwellings to incredible salt-flats and white ski-slopes—and in the colorful tribal dances staged by Indians near Taos.

Average water temperatures of 80° offer perennial swimming in the Virgin Islands.

New Mexico's slumbering Spanish missions—dating back as far as 1598—played a prominent role in its romantic, turbulent history.



Light music, shuffleboard and dining on the sun deck add up to pleasant diversion, punctuated by sightseeing stops at West Indies ports, on a Caribbean cruise.

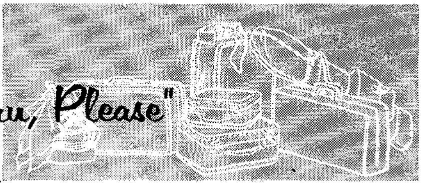
FOR SPINE-TINGLING EXCITEMENT, ice-boating (*left*) in the Great Lakes region is unmatched. It requires great skill and nerves of steel: cold winds lash the boat to speeds of 140 miles per hour—more like flying than sailing! Warmer—and more restful—sailing can be enjoyed on a Caribbean cruise. Cool trade winds, iridescently blue water and friendly sun, emphasize the Caribbean's fame as the Mediterranean of the Americas.

New Orleans hits a high note of hilarity at Mardi Gras, climax of winter season.

WITHIN THE OLD SOUTH, hectic activity and tranquil leisure are never far apart. Louisiana plays host to a Mid-Winter Sports Carnival, the Sugar Bowl game and Mardi Gras, while Georgia, in green retreats like Sea Island, proves that a languorous life is not entirely gone with the wind.

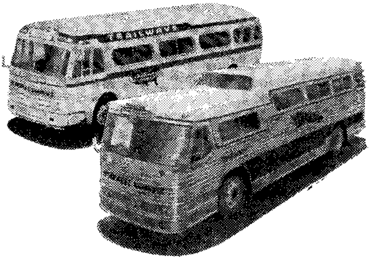
A gentle aura seems to bathe Georgia's ante-bellum mansions.

"Trailways, Straight Thru, Please"



TAKE THE EASY WAY

Trailways Straight Thru means no change of bus or baggage . . . You keep the same soft seat on the same luxurious comfort-conditioned bus. Your Trailways Thru-Liner saves you precious hours of Vacation Time, and . . . you have several interesting routes to choose from! Go one scenic way and return another . . . at the same low fares. For your next trip plan to go the easy way . . . go Trailways, straight thru.



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Approximate Leaving Date____________
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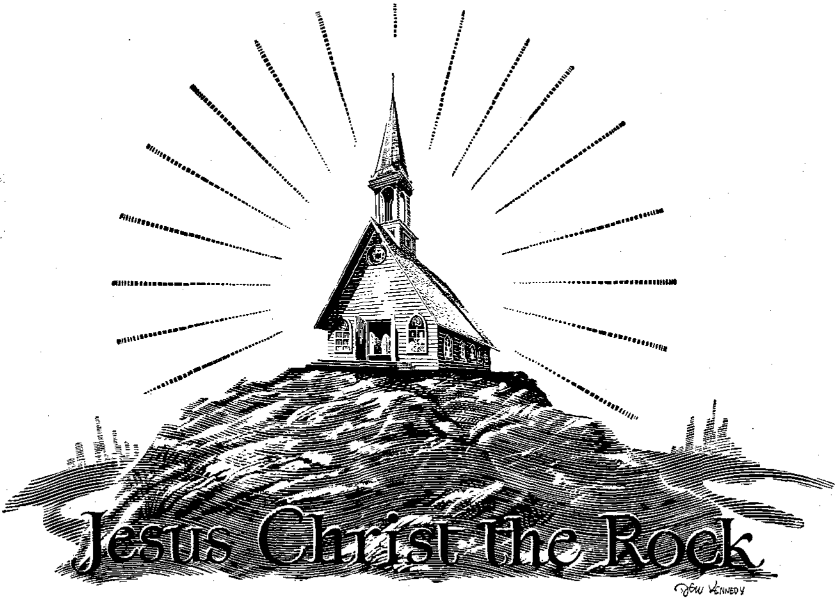
what is the . . .

Church of Christ?



Millions have asked this question in view of its remarkable growth . . .

The answer is found in the New Testament.
Romans 16:16.

Jesus Christ promised to build His church.

"Upon this rock I will build my church . . ."
Matthew 16:18.

Fifty days after His resurrection, Christ built His church when three thousand became Christians and were added to it. *Acts 2:38, 47*. The church of Christ was built upon the foundation of Jesus as the Son of God. "Other founda-

(ADVERTISEMENT)

See Next Page

tion can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." *I Corinthians 3:11.*

JESUS CHRIST IS THE ONLY HEAD OF THE CHURCH and He, alone, has preeminence in it. "And He (Christ) is the head of the body, the church . . . that in all things He might have the preeminence." *Colossians 1:18.* Jesus said, "All authority is given unto me in heaven and on earth." *Matthew 28:18.*

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST IS NOT A DENOMINATION. It is the kingdom of God. It is NON-DENOMINATIONAL and CHRIST-CENTERED by its very nature. It is neither Catholic nor Protestant. It is not controlled by an ecclesiastical hierarchy, since every member is a priest under Christ, the High Priest. *1 Peter 2:9.*

WHEREVER CHRIST IS PREACHED and men believe in Him, repent, and are baptized (immersed) into Him, Christians are made. *Galatians 3:27.* Then God adds them to the church which is the undenominational body of Christ.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST is pleading for primitive Christianity, the restoration of the apostolic church, and the unity of all Christians. Jesus said, "The seed is the Word of God." *Luke 8:11.* When this seed is sown today, it will bear the same fruit that it produced in the first century of Christianity.

CHRIST IS ITS CREED, THE BIBLE ITS ONLY RULE

FREE No doubt you will want to know more about this vital plea to restore New Testament Christianity in this present age. Write for a valuable booklet on "WHAT IS THE CHURCH OF CHRIST?" which will be sent in a plain wrapper without obligation.

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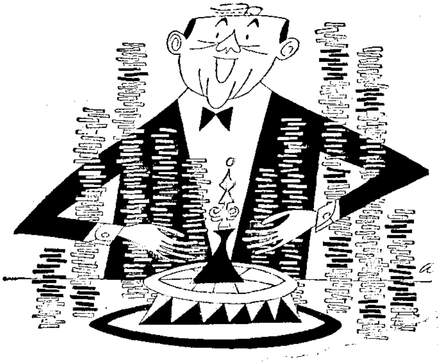

Grin and SHARE IT

A RURAL VISITOR to New York strolled into a super de luxe food shop that specialized in out-of-season fruits. Staggered to learn that a small basket of peaches was priced at $12, he hastily made for the door, only to return and place a fifty-cent piece on the counter before the haughty saleslady.

"What's that for, sir?" she asked.

"I'm sorry," he smiled sheepishly, "I stepped on a grape."

—*Zanesville* (Ohio) *Times-Recorder*

* * *

A YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE spending a week at a famous spa had nothing but bad luck and on the sixth day were down to their last two dollars, and a ticket to the local race track.

"Let me go out there alone today," said the young man. "I've got a hunch."

He picked a 40 to 1 shot in the first race and won. Every succeeding race was captured by a long-shot that he had bet on. At the end of the afternoon he had over $10,000.

On his way back to the hotel he stopped at one of the gambling clubs to cash in on his good luck. Within an hour he had run his money up to $40,000 at roulette. He was on the point of leaving when, on a hunch, he put the entire $40,000 on black.

The ball bounced, settled, and the croupier called: "Red!"

The young man returned to their hotel room, sat down and lit a cigarette. His wife asked: "How did you make out?"

"I lost the two dollars," he said.

—A. M. A. *Journal*

* * *

AN IRATE LAWYER trying to establish a point in cross-examination demanded of the defendant: "Madam, while you were taking your dog for a walk, did you stop any place?"

"Sir," the witness said quietly, "did you ever take a dog for a walk?"

—LIONEL COGAN

AN AMATEUR YACHTSMAN, who had just been initiated into the mysteries of the art of navigation, suddenly put aside his sextant and shouted to his companion, "Take off your hat."

"Why should I?" asked his bewildered friend.

"Because according to my calculations," replied the yachtsman, "we are in the center of St. Patrick's Cathedral."

—*The Flame*

(*Continued on page 106*)

Thanksgiving

"a mother's love,
a father's strength
and a brother's hand"
a new hope
for the little people

"It is you and your love which is now my whole life. My eyes which receive no light always welcome the light of your letters. Thank you for your kindness to a blind boy who without you would not know which way to go." Evangelos, age 12, Greece.

"Today is the most beautiful in my life. I have my first letter from you. Now I pretend I am your little girl. Thank you for loving me so much." Christa, age 9, DP, Western Germany.

"A thousand thanks for the food, clothing and money. I could not believe it that you care for me. So much have I cried for the warm arms of my dead parents and now I have you. I wish I was a bird to fly you my love." Chang Jong Ya, age 10, Korea.

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a Foster Parent. You will be sent the case history and photograph of "your" child upon receipt of application with initial payment. "Your" child is told that you are his or her Foster Parent. All correspondence is through our office, and is translated and encouraged. We do no mass relief. Each child, treated as an individual, receives food, clothing, shelter, education and medical care according to his or her needs.

The Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent, government-approved relief organization, helping children, wherever the need, in England, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland, Western Germany and Korea and is registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the United States Government and is filed with the National Information Bureau. Your help is vital to a child struggling for life. Won't you let some child love you?

Foster Parents' Plan For War Children, Inc.

43 WEST 61st STREET, NEW YORK 23, N. Y.

Partial List of Sponsors and Foster Parents

Arturo Toscanini, Mary Pickford, Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Sarnoff, Dr. John Haynes Holmes, Jean Tennyson, Helen Hayes, Dr. Howard A. Rusk, Edward R. Murrow, Bing Crosby, Mrs. Gardner Cowles, K. C. Gifford, Gov. and Mrs. Walter Kohler, Charles R. Hook.

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FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN FOR WAR CHILDREN, INC. C-11-55
43 W. 61st St., New York 23, N. Y. In Canada: P. O. Box 65, Sta. 3, Montreal, Que.

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a War Child for one year. If possible, sex..............
I will pay $15 a month for one year ($180). Payment will be made monthly ( ), quarterly ( ), semi-annually ( ), yearly ( ). I enclose herewith my first payment of $....................

B. I cannot "adopt" a child, but I would like to help a child by contributing $...............

Name ....

Address ....

City.. Zone...... State..............................

Date...*Contributions are deductible from Income Tax*

A YOUNG LADY contemplating a trip South was looking at bathing suits and one in particular—a very abbreviated model—took her eye. "Are you positive this suit won't shrink?" she asked the clerk.

"Absolutely, miss," he answered. "It just has nowhere to shrink to."

—CLARENCE ROESER

* * *

TWO SUBURBAN WIVES were discussing their husbands' driving habits. "I keep right at George when he goes too fast or too roughly," said one. "But if talking doesn't bring any improvement, I have a little trick that never fails to make him drive more carefully."

"Tell me, by all means," urged the other.

"I just pretend to fall asleep."

—LUKE NEELY in *Quote*

A NOVELTY LAMP being shown in a New York department store has a model of Paris' Eiffel Tower for its base. A woman who saw it remarked to a friend: "Now why on earth would they make a lamp like an oil well?" —JOEL KREISS

A DISTINGUISHED DIGNITARY of the church had been warned by his physician that he needed both exercise and a hobby for the sake of his health. He suggested golf and the minister dutifully bought a set of clubs and started lessons at the local club.

After several days of practice, the pro decided he would give his pupil a playing lesson. He teed up the ball, handed the minister a driver and awaited results.

The first swing was a complete miss. "Oh, my goodness," murmured the chagrined [illegible]

He tried three more swings, one hitting several inches behind the ball. On the next try, a divot came flying up. The disgusted minister glared at the ball muttering, "Tut, tut."

The instructor shook his head. "Reverend," he said, "you'll *never* learn to play golf with them words!"

—A. M. A. *Journal*

A USO COMPANY of *The Man Who Came to Dinner* played an engagement for Navy personnel in Hawaii. On the first day of the engagement a young man who was an aide to the Admiral met a girl in the show and fell heavily for her.

The following afternoon he informed the Admiral that he was feeling ill, and wouldn't be able to participate in the evening's functions. He then sneaked off to meet the beautiful young actress, having arranged to take her to dinner at one of the big hotels.

When they arrived in the dining room, the maitre d'hotel was the Admiral himself, and the waiters assigned to their table were the Admiral's other aides. The Admiral and his boys carried the farce straight through to the end.

—H. ALLEN SMITH, *The Compleat Practical Joker* (Doubleday)

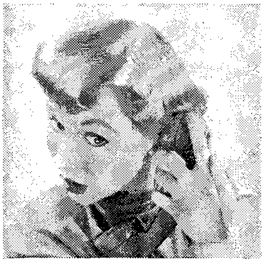
* * *

THE LATE J. P. MORGAN was once asked by a new bank clerk to explain the mechanics of a joint bank account. "That's quite simple, my boy," replied the veteran financier. "It is an account where one person does the depositing and another the withdrawing—usually husband and wife."

—LOUIS BINSTOCK, *The Power of Faith* (Prentice-Hall, Inc.)

(*Continued on page 108*)

Which is your hair problem?



HAIR TOO DRY?

You need SUAVE! No other hairdressing turns dry hair shimmery-soft so quick! Adds such healthy-looking glow with amazing *greaseless* lanolin.

DULL, NO SHINE?

A kiss of SUAVE, and right away you have glowing, lovely hair. Highlights twinkle. Hair is sparkly as it *ought* to be—and without oily look or feel.

HARD TO MANAGE?

SUAVE hairdressing makes hair easy to comb, arrange *instantly*. Leaves hair so silky, so free of oily film! *Nothing* works like Helene Curtis SUAVE!

BRITTLE, ABUSED?

SUAVE *conditions* dull, dry-looking hair new non-greasy way. Protects against hair woes. Makes hair satin soft. Helps it take a better wave.

WON'T STAY IN PLACE?

Keeps hair in place softly, *naturally*. No oiliness, no 'hard' look. No wispy ends or floppy curls. *Used and recommended by professional beauticians everywhere.*

HELENE CURTIS
Suave
HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONER
with lanolin

NEW—WITH AMAZING GREASELESS LANOLIN

HELENE CURTIS
Suave*
HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONER

59¢ and $1 (plus tax)

*TRADEMARK

A HUSBAND complained, "You pay fifty cents a dozen for buns. If *I* were shopping I'd get a dozen for forty cents."

"You're welcome to try," snapped his wife.

So off he went to the bakery and pointed to a tray of buns. "A dozen of those—for forty cents."

"But . . ." began the clerk.

"No 'buts,' please. Just put them in a bag—and here's the money."

When he reached home he handed the bag to his wife. "There you are," he said with satisfaction. "Forty cents a dozen."

She looked at the contents. "But these are the small ones," she smiled. "They're thirty-five a dozen!" —FRANCES RODMAN

A SCOTCH BLOOD DONOR gave a sick woman three transfusions. After the first, the grateful patient paid the Scotchman $50. After the second, she grudgingly gave him $15. After the third, she had so much Scotch blood in her that she merely thanked him. —*Capper's Weekly*

* * *

A HOUSE OWNER having come into a little money decided he could afford a better home. Accordingly, his own was put up for sale and he instructed the agent to find him a better one.

In a day or so he called the realtor to say that his wife had seen a house advertised the night before, a place that sounded absolutely ideal. The only catch was that they were afraid it would cost too much. Still, he seemed to think that the agent should have called them about it by now.

The realtor admitted he knew about the house in the advertisement; he agreed that it was a dandy. The only catch in *his* estimation was that he himself had written and inserted the ad, and that it applied to the house his client was trying to get rid of. —*The Montrealer*

* * *

A LADY was addressing a women's club on a bill to admit refugee children to the United States.

"Do you mean to say," interrupted a member indignantly, "that you'd admit a child unseen?"

"What's so unusual about that?" answered the speaker. "I never saw any of my children until they were delivered." —AL SPONG

AT A DINNER PARTY, a famous banker was seated next to a rich young woman whose knowledge of the stock market was considerably less than her fortune. She plied the financier with a series of foolish questions, ending with: "Does your bank's stock go up and down?"

"Generally, Madam," the banker wearily retorted. "I've never seen it go sideways." —ROSE KAMELHAAR

THE TEACHER, having given what she thought was a clear and simple explanation of the intricacies of the calendar, asked: "Now tell me—what month has 28 days?"

After some thought one of her small fry answered brightly: "They all have." —*Youngstown* (Ohio) *Vindicator*

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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Now!

Easier, surer protection for your most intimate marriage problem

Tested by doctors... proved in hospital clinics

1. Antiseptic **(Protective, germicidal)**
Safer and surer than ever! A highly perfected new formula releases its antiseptic and germicidal ingredients *right in the vaginal tract*. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that permits long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

2. Deodorant **(Protection from odor)**
Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms *eliminate* (rather than *cover up*) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

3. Convenient **(So easy to use)**
Norforms are small vaginal suppositories, so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or measuring. Greaseless... keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

Mail this coupon today

***FREE** informative Norforms booklet*

Just mail this coupon to: Dept.CR-511
Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.
Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

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Street____________________________

City______________Zone____State_______

AN UNUSUAL ADVERTISEMENT ABOUT REDUCING

New Way to Reduce

BY LOIS CRISTY

Women who are reducing can now speed up their results an unusual new way.

This new method removes excess fat with a diet planned by a physician.

This new diet permits eating of almost all the usual food. Dangerous drugs are not used.

Tiny Device "Speeds Up" Reducing

Reducing results are greatly increased by combining the diet with use of a small, inexpensive device that tightens muscles. This tightening, during weight loss, gives phenomenal results.

The small machine causes "beautifying, reducing exercises" without making the user tired. No effort is required of the user; she simply places small circular pads over bulges of her hips, waist, abdomen and other parts of her body, turns a dial—and she's exercising away excess inches while she rests.

The tightening effect of this effortless exercise also helps eliminate the loose sagginess often caused when weight is lost.

A "Facial" attachment exercises muscles beneath eyes; a special "Vest" exercises back muscles and the chest muscles that lie beneath the breasts.

The small exerciser looks very much like a miniature suitcase; measures 11" x 9" x 6" and weighs less than 9 pounds.

This new method of reducing requires only about 30 minutes daily use of the machine—and this is done while the user rests; she may even sleep during her reducing treatment. The machine itself reduces inches, not pounds; the diet removes the weight.

Usually, after the first month of daily use, even less time is required; often as little as once a week.

The device is completely safe and because of the lack of effort the user gets the full benefits of active exercise—without any feeling of tiredness. Yet, the results are, in every way, as beneficial for reducing as the usual prescribed "exercises."

Used at Home

The tiny device is sold for home use. This relieves the user from the cost and time usually spent in salons. Demonstrations are given, at no cost, in the company's salons or, by appointment in the home by expertly trained women representatives.

Clinically Tested by Physicians

Physicians in New York City, Los Angeles and Philadelphia conducted "test cases" on hundreds of women. Their reports indicate the complete safety of the product and the remarkably fast results.

Users' reports are enthusiastic. Mrs. Evelyn Brantweiner of Allentown, Pennsylvania, recently wrote the manufacturers: "I've lost 4 inches from my waist, 3 inches from hips and 2 inches from thighs in three months." A Mrs. Caglia of San Jose, California, wrote: "After about 3 weeks I took my hips down from 46″ to 37½″, waistline from 33″ to 26″." She says that she did not use the diet. Mrs. Marie Rizzi of the same city reports a loss of 5 inches from her hips. Mary A. Moriarty, of New Bedford, in one month lost 3 inches around her waist and hips; her dress size went from 20½ to 18. Perhaps the most unusual results were enjoyed by Martha Adams and her sister-in-law, Maxine Frankland of Chicago. Each used the machine for a total of 3 hours. One reports 4″ off abdomen and 3″ off hips; the other 2½″ from abdomen and 3″ from hips. The makers of the little machine are quick to add that such results are not to be expected by everyone. Mrs. E. D. Serdahl (a "test case") used the machine for from 4 to 8 hours a day for 9 consecutive days. These 48 hours resulted in the following reductions: Waist 2″; Hips 3″; Upper Abdomen 1″; Upper Thigh 2″; Knee 1½″; Calf 1″. She says: "I felt no muscular or physical fatigue . . . In fact, the after-effects were all good."

National Magazines Praise

"Vogue" magazine wrote: "Wonderful new machine . . . whittles away excess inches while you relax." "Glamour" said "Safe, passive exerciser. It removes inches." "Mademoiselle" published 2 full pages about it. Other magazines giving it favorable mention were: Harper's Bazaar, Charm and Esquire.

Has Many Uses

The device not only aids in the new "speed-up" reducing method; it also has uses for the entire family. Husbands will, of course, use it to trim down their middle—and use to exercise back muscles that become weary and aching after a "day at the office." Son, if he's in high school, will use it to exercise his sore baseball throwing arm. Big sister will find it helpful in exercising her chest muscles. Even grandmother and that venerable old-timer, grandfather, will use it to exercise back, leg and feet muscles.

I suggest that if you are really serious about having a more attractive figure that you either write or TELEPHONE Relax-A-cizor, Dept. CT-6: NEW YORK, MUrray Hill 8-4690, Suite 900, 665 Fifth Ave.; CHICAGO, STate 2-5680, Suite 1200, Stevens Bldg., 17 North State St.; DETROIT, WOodward 3-3311, 644 Michigan Bldg.; LOS ANGELES, OLeander 5-8000, 915 N. La Cienega; BOSTON, KEnmore 6-3030, 420 Boylston; PHILADELPHIA, LOcust 4-2566, 100 South Broad St.; CLEVELAND, PRospect 1-2292, 1118 Euclid Ave.; SAN FRANCISCO, SUtter 1-2682, 420 Sutter St.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

POLITICAL PALAVER

A GROUP of old men were sitting around the stove talking politics in a mountain town in a backwoods county seat in Tennessee. Finally they got around to the subject of all prime subjects—the atom bomb.

"We're plumb lucky to be living this far from all the sea coasts," suggested one old mountaineer. "This far inland they're never going to reach us."

"You're wrong about that, neighbor," objected another. "We're plumb certain to be bombed if the bombing starts."

"But why?"

"Why? You know why! This here's the county seat, ain't it?"

—*Charley Jones' Laugh Book*

AN OLD Mississippi boy likes to tell about the one Republican vote that cropped up election after election in his home town. Everybody knew it was cast by an old former Union soldier who had been wounded and left behind during the War Between the States.

When the old-timer died, the town gave him a fine funeral, then heaved a civic sigh of relief that its one Republican vote—that great black mark against its Democratic honor—had been eliminated.

But that fall, when votes in the presidential race between Wilson and Hughes were being counted, a sudden commotion arose.

"That Republican vote has showed up again!" one of the tabulators yelled. "We buried the wrong man!"

—JOE CREASON in *Dixie Roto*

RALPH MCGILL, editor of the Atlanta Constitution, tells the story of an old mountaineer who had three great interests—the merit of "charred-in-the-keg" corn whiskey, the nearby city of Knoxville, and the Republican party.

One day at dusk a traveler, in line with mountain custom, asked to spend the night. He was welcomed, supper was served, and when the meal was done he and his so-far courtly host took seats on the front porch and got ready to talk.

In only a few minutes, the mountaineer discovered these facts: His guest didn't drink, he'd never been to Knoxville, and he was a Democrat.

The old fellow rocked for a moment in glum silence, then called to his wife: "Fix the beds, Ma—we've done talked out."

—*Wall Street Journal*

Mr. Daniels was willing to be bombed

ADMIRALS smiled when, in 1921, he claimed air power could sink battleships. Josephus Daniels, the Navy secretary, said: "he was prepared to stand bareheaded on the deck of a battleship and let General Mitchell take a crack at me with bombing airplane."

But in an actual test, the most heavily armored dreadnaught ever built sank in minutes under the sledge-hammer blows of the world's first 1-ton bombs—bombs built to Billy Mitchell's order.

In his early fight for a strong air force, Mitchell eventually saw very dark days. Yet he never lost faith in the American people, nor they in him. For they recognized his clear foresight and fighting heart as part of the real American spirit.

It is this courageous spirit that makes America strong—so strong, in fact, that our country's Savings Bonds are regarded as one of the finest, safest investments in all the world.

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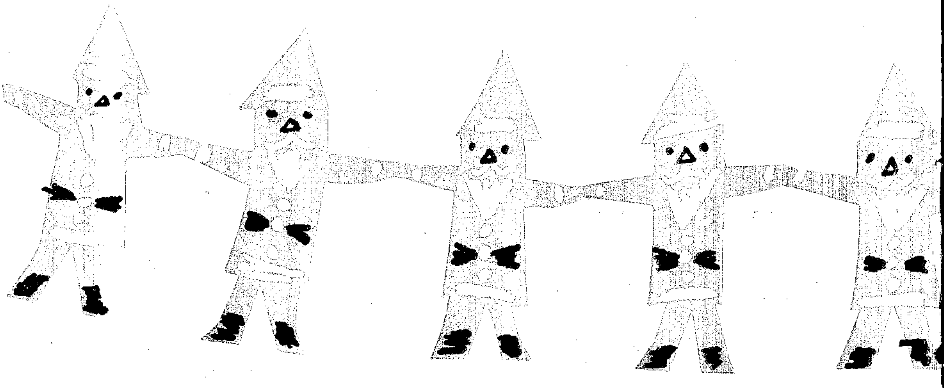

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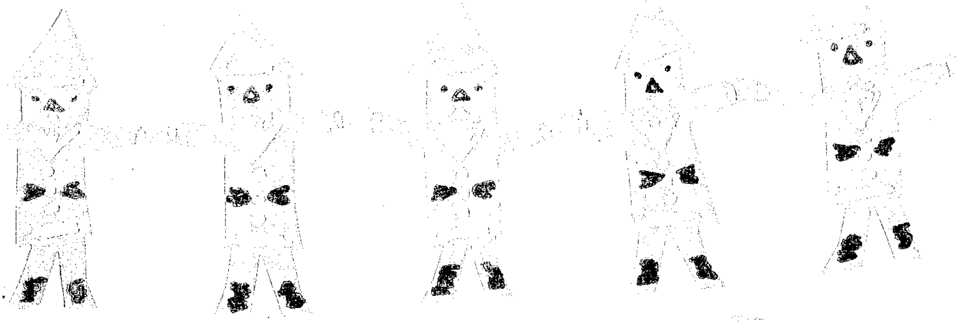

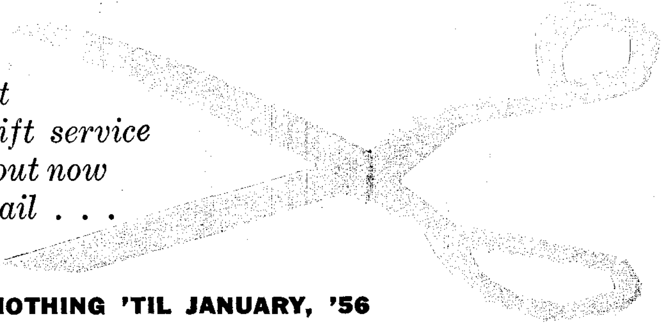

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After-Work Businesses That Pay

Offer people a service that saves them time, trouble or money, and you'll have a sure bet for success

by Ray Josephs

HAVE ALL THE SPARE cash you could use? Few of us do. But here's good news. You *can* get that extra income for personal or family needs—a new car, television, power equipment, that vacation you've always dreamed about—if you're willing to use your brain, and some of your after-work hours, in turning interests and abilities into channels that pay off.

The difference between failure and success in a spare-time occupation lies in finding ideas that are a little off the beaten track, yet proven and adaptable to your own time and effort.

Check the following classifications against your own desires and capacities. Use these ideas to stimulate your own thinking. And if you follow through, you'll discover that operating your own after-hours business is not only easy and fun, but may well launch a highly profitable full-time career.

Provide a Specialized Service

Many people think the only way to make extra money is to sell a product. But offering one of a score of services—needing little or no investment—is often far more lucrative.

One day a neighbor asked Harry R. to look over the family jalopy, which the garage mechanic said needed $300 in repairs. Harry, who knew cars, spent two hours checking motor and transmission, spotted exact needs and wrote a report.

Thus armed, the neighbor found another garage to do the job for $100. Grateful, he told others and started Harry on a regular advisory business.

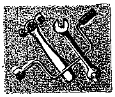
The keystone of Harry's service is that he never urges any particular repairman. Customers know he has nothing to sell but accurate know-how. They figure his fees a bargain because of subsequent savings. Harry averages $200 extra income monthly.

If you can offer some specialized knowledge, get two classified telephone directories—your community's and another from a big city. Check for leads on new, specialized businesses you might introduce into your town. Local opportunities spring from community needs—and the number of spare-time specialized services is steadily increasing.

People have started spare-time businesses offering picnic lunches in resort areas, lunch boxes in districts with few eating places. Others have been successful with consultant services on schools, camps, travel, gardens, publicity, interior decoration, weddings.

If you can offer a service that will save people time, trouble or money, you have a chance for a profitable spare-time activity.

Develop Customer Lists



Laundries, dairies, druggists, shoemakers, cleaners and beauticians are all interested in good potential customer lists. Making up such lists by checking data in municipal records, with utility companies, moving concerns and the like, can be a good spare-time business.

If you've a writing flair, you can use the same lists to develop special direct-mail campaigns for busy local merchants.

One young man started spare-time checking of young people's tastes as a service for business organizations. Now he gets $1,500 and more per survey from chain stores, manufacturers and others who want to know likes and dislikes of their specialized markets.

Consider a Rental Service

Everybody is interested in do-it-yourself these days, but not all have the necessary expensive tools. A Connecticut man started a tool library in his spare time, renting everything from snowplow to posthole diggers.

Many others have set up after-hours rental services in garages or cellars. They get sanding, painting and other machines or power tools, sometimes on commission from makers or local shops. These rent on a per-hour basis according to size or value, with pick-up and delivery extra.

Start a Barter Bureau

The proprietor of one such bureau gets out a monthly mimeographed list offering a kitchen table for a lamp, homemade jam for a banjo, etc., and charges a commission of 15 per cent on all sales.

A suburbanite who owned some farm property hit on the fact that many city folks would like rural vacations. His bureau, started in spare time, benefited both farmers and vacationers and produced a thriving business.

Help Small Businessmen

Small business proprietors frequently have chores they would be happy to turn over to others—bookkeeping, accounting, statement and tax recording, typing. If, for example, you're able to turn out fast, accurate typing, you can perhaps specialize in serving physicians, dentists, veterinarians, or other professionals who don't need full-time secretaries.

Put Your Car to Use

If you have an automobile you may be able to set up a spare-time special delivery or errand service, offering aid to mothers, shut-ins, local shops. An ex-GI set up a private protection patrol. He guaranteed householders he'd pass their places at least once hourly, between 7 P.M. and 5 A.M., and report any suspicious characters to the police. A growing subscriber list pays him $25 per home yearly.

Telephones as Money-Makers

Your home telephone, especially if you have unlimited service, can earn you many extra dollars. You might rent a "Street Address Directory" which lists numbers by street addresses.

Many rug cleaners, furriers, floor waxers, air conditioning, screen and storm window concerns will pay good solicitors by call or hour. Fraternities, business associations and service clubs often use telephonists.

Newspapers Provide Leads

Glancing through the classified section of his paper one day, a man noted 15 items for sale on one page, while on another page six of the same items were being sought. A series of calls, in which he represented himself merely as an agent, resulted in three deals.

If you're an alert trader, you can make extra money in the same way.

Consider making lists of bankruptcy and legal announcements in law journals and state capital papers. Merchants and potential creditors frequently don't receive such information directly. They'll pay to get it from you.

Money in Your Camera

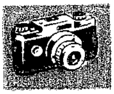
A couple had been house-hunting, chasing leads and wasting precious hours driving around to places they discovered were hopeless. That produced an idea. With sample photos of the house they finally chose, they obtained trial orders from six realtors. Working on pleasant weekends and holidays, they now clear $200 a month, charging $10 a house, plus $2 a print. Many owners order albums of exteriors and interiors.

Or you might concentrate on informal pictures of neighborhood youngsters in story form—doing the school play, following a typical day. Things the people in your community want to record permanently such as gardens in bloom, new cars, houses in construction.

Use Your Do-It-Yourself Talents

Specialize on starting or finishing ambitious projects requiring special equipment.

Look around in better-income neighborhoods. You'll discover many people have things they never get around to fixing.



Householders with beat-up children's furniture are usually happy to have you clean out cellars or attics. Make simple repairs, repaint in gay colors and you can often resell the furnitures.

Money in Music

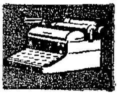
Because 30 to 50 per cent markups are standard on phonograph records, you can develop a good spare-time business as a neighborhood sales representative for big-city dealers or distributors. Without stock investment, you can offer customers prices 10 per cent under regular shops and still make a good profit.

Advertise in neighborhood, school, church and club publications. Mail postcards and catalogs from your distributor. Needles, cleaners, etc., bring additional revenue.

Money in Pets

Breeding animals can be your key to extra currency. A pair of parakeets costing $15 can produce three to eight young at least twice yearly. Rabbits can provide a good three-way profit via fur, meat and breeding stock sales. Many small-scale breeders do extremely well with guinea pigs.

Or try selling unpedigreed mutts only, like one Los Angeles man.



There's a minimum of bookkeeping, turnover is fast, and customers are happier with lower prices. Any good, new pet service can make money—your after-hours might include boarding, bathing, training or just pet-walking.

Ask Questions

Here is a field for housewives who wish to earn extra money when their day's work is done. You can make calls, talk to people, sell nothing and still earn good spare-time income. Leading research organizations like Gallup, Crossley, Hooper and Roper use spare-time interviewers for specific market researching and polling jobs.

Register directly or with your local Chamber of Commerce or newspaper. Leading advertising agencies (listed in *Editor and Publisher Yearbook* in your library) may put you on their researchers' list.

Cook Your Way to Cash

If you've a good cook or specialty-maker in your family, you have the basis for a first-rate after-hours business. Pennsylvania Dutch treats, specially-cured hams from Dixie, old New England favorites somebody's great-grandmother wrote out in a cookbook, are all good spare-time food specialties.

There's always room for products the average woman can't make herself, either because they require a special knack or because it takes too much effort. Many can be sold via mail order, with the wife doing the cooking, and her husband selling and administrating.

Your Favorite Handicraft

Painting, making novelties, and weaving are the hobbies most easily turned into cash. Woodwork, ceramics, plastics, leather and jewelry follow.

Because the market for out-of-the-ordinary handmade items is growing, putting a saleable twist on a useful or decorative handicraft item can make you money. If you live in a tourist area and can make something with local folklore or historic associations, you may have a good seller. In this field, the unusual and attractive provide the key to success.

A Californian mounted interesting driftwood pieces, wired them and purchased shades to make unusual decorative lamps.

A Boston woman cut down some old tables to coffee table size, then covered them with interesting pictures and travel labels, and shellacked the tops. Now, in spare time, she's applied the idea to trays, wastebaskets, picture frames and children's items.

Teach Others

If you're an expert in any field —or can make yourself into one— you'll find plenty of opportunity for after-work instructing. Fees for special tutoring can run high in math, languages, speaking. You may work in local night schools or in your own or pupil's homes.

Many have been successful in spare-time teaching of music, dancing, bridge, arts and crafts, sports.

Consider Mail Order

Almost anything that can be packed, from baby alligators to collector's items, sells by mail. Plants, jewelry, antiques, sports equipment, pets, stamps. In general, the mail-order items the spare-time enterpriser can sell best are the gift, hobby, gadget, collector's and young-fry products not easily obtained in every community—the old, new, conventional, bizarre.

New York's State Department of Commerce suggests checking your item by seeing how many times you can answer yes to the following: Unusual? Exclusive? Uncommon bargain? High-seasonal interest? Not available locally? Packable and mailable? Photogenic? (It will have to be bought from a picture in an advertisement.) Sells for between $1 and $10? Investigate fully. Write Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C., for list of booklets on how to start.

Reminder Service

A few years ago, Thomas E. Neuberger of Chicago received a greeting card from the proprietor of a shop where he was a regular customer—and got an idea. Why not offer a service to larger stores to send out such cards for them? Starting at home, he built up Anniversaries, Inc., to 3,000,000 customers of leading stores. He gets 21 cents per customer per mailing.

A Philadelphia woman developed a sizeable business mailing Christmas, holiday and other cards for a wide range of clients.

The ways in which you can make spare-time money are infinite. The main rule for success is simple: find a project that interests you. Look for things and services for which others will pay. Put the combination together, turn your spare time to constructive channels, and you'll find it pays off.

Dixiedoodles

GRANTLAND RICE used to tell the story of his grandfather Henry Grantland's last words. Marse Henry had fought valiantly through the Civil War on the side of the South, of course, and was still in there pitching at the age of 91, as death approached.

"Can I do anything for you, grandpappy?" Rice asked tenderly.

"Yup," said the old gentleman, fire burning in his eye, "give me one more crack at the No'th."

—BOB CONSIDINE in Cincinnati *Enquirer*

HOWEVER BEATEN and broken they were, the people of the South came out of The War with spirit unquenched, and a belief that they were unconquerable. One old soldier, asked what he would do if the Yankees got after him when he reached home, drew himself up and snapped:

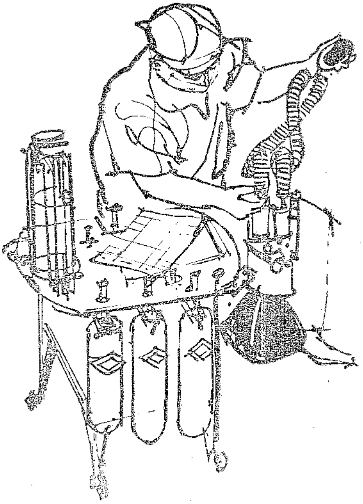
"They ain't goin' to trouble me. If they do, I'll just whip 'em agin!"

—THOMAS NELSON PAGE, *The Old Dominion* (Charles Scribner's Sons, Pub.)

ANESTHESIA

New discoveries in this field enable surgeons to perform longer and more complex operations, and make recovery quicker and easier

by DONALD A. DUKELOW, M.D.



"YOUR GALL BLADDER is full of small stones. The only safe action is to remove it at once before those stones cause a major obstruction. Better let Ed take it out for you."

The internist's opinion was supported by Ed, my surgeon. So a date was set and the details arranged for an operation.

But even though, as a doctor, I knew all about the safety and comfort of modern anesthesia, I promptly became apprehensive. After all, I could still remember my last anesthetic—the choking fumes of raw ether, the dizzy whirling sensations of induction, the feeling of falling into space, the nausea. Of course, it was 30 years ago, but the memory was clear.

I entered the hospital on a Sunday evening and when I was in bed a nurse breezed in, presented me with a pretty capsule and said, "Take this."

Skeptical, I asked what it might be.

"Just a sleeping pill," she answered.

Next morning, a new nurse greeted me. No breakfast, but more pills. All I could get out of her was "pre-anesthetic preparation."

Then the anesthetist dropped in for a chat. He explained that he and the surgeon preferred an intravenous anesthetic supported by gas for operations in the upper abdomen, and that both induction and recovery would be uneventful. That was surely nice of him and very reassuring. Now I had some idea of what to expect.

I was wheeled to the operating room where I got a shot, which

From *Today's Health*, copyright, 1954, by the American Medical Association.

was the beginning of an intravenous anesthetic. The induction was smooth all right—and comfortable. I was out in ten seconds.

That afternoon I came to in my room. And the recovery was as smooth. No nausea. No retching. No headache and throbbing. Very little dizziness.

Later that afternoon they had me sit up—something I couldn't have done after my last venture into anesthetic oblivion. The progress of 30 years was astonishing.

THE HISTORY OF ANESTHESIA is covered by a long period of darkness, a short period of enlightenment. The search for an effective painkiller led through charms, spells and hocus-pocus, as well as the use of herbs and the mallet—the kind that could be used on the head to produce a mild concussion and unconsciousness. Often the treatment was worse than the disease.

About 50 A.D., Dioscorides described the use of mandragora or mandrake, boiled in wine, to ease pain. A seventeenth-century brew made from a lock of virgin's hair cut to a fine powder, 12 ant eggs dried in an oven and mixed with a quarter pint of red cow's milk or strong ale wort didn't help much either. More effective were hypnotism, partial strangulation and large doses of alcohol.

Crawford W. Long, a young country doctor of Georgia, observed that bumps and bruises did not hurt when one was on an "ether jag," and this led him to try ether as an inhalation anesthetic while he removed a small tumor from a patient's neck on March 30, 1842, at Jefferson, Georgia. Two years later, Horace Wells, a dentist of Hartford, Connecticut, was himself the subject of the first demonstration of tooth extraction while anesthetized with nitrous oxide, or laughing gas.

It is generally accepted, however, that modern anesthesia dates from October 16, 1846, when William T. G. Morton, a former pupil of Dr. Wells and a dentist who was then a medical student in Boston, gave the first successful public demonstration of anesthesia at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

A Scotch physician, Sir James Y. Simpson, first employed chloroform as an anesthetic a year later; and the use of oxygen and carbon dioxide in conjunction with anesthetic agents was developed after 1908.

The last quarter century has seen the rapid change of anesthesia from merely the production of unconsciousness to a positive part of patient care. Now, with combinations of newer agents, complicated operations such as chest surgery and extensive plastic reconstructions can be done with safety even though they take six or eight hours of continuous anesthesia.

This is because the modern anesthetist is a physician qualified to evaluate and manage the anesthesia requirements of a patient preoperatively, during the operation and postoperatively; and to administer and supervise diagnostic and therapeutic block, inhalation, fluid, shock and resuscitation therapy. He is able to fit his means of producing general or regional anesthesia to the needs of the surgeon, the patient's condition and the nature of the operation.

General anesthesia is total unconsciousness accompanied by variable degrees of relaxation. When working in the abdomen a deep anesthetic is desirable, because then the muscles of the abdominal wall are relaxed and the surgeon doesn't have to fight against their constant contraction.

In other cases, muscle relaxation is not important. For example, in delivering a baby, muscle action is highly desirable and the lightest anesthetic that will take the edge off sharp pain is the objective.

The most common general anesthetics administered by the complicated machines found in every operating room are nitrous oxide (N_2O), ethylene, cyclopropane, ethyl ether, chloroform, ethyl chloride and trichlorethylene. All of these are inhaled as gases, though some are in liquid form and the fumes are inhaled. An overdose can be removed by artificial respiration through the anesthetic machine.

Each anesthetic has its use—and the trained anesthetist knows them. Nitrous oxide is only for superficial anesthesia and is generally used in combination with other agents or as an induction agent to be later fortified by ether or some other anesthetic.

Both ethylene and cyclopropane are rapid and easy to take and give deeper anesthesia safely. But both are explosive and require the selection of cases that fit their use.

Ethyl ether can be given without a lot of apparatus. However, it is slow in induction, irritating and explosive, and produces nausea during the recovery phase. Chloroform is not generally used now, nor is ethyl chloride.

Trichlorethylene, also called trilene, is popular for obstetrics and where pain relief rather than relaxation is the objective.

Nonvolatile general anesthetics are most often given in the vein or by rectum. The most common are Avertin and the barbiturates. Both have rapid, pleasant induction and produce natural sleep. Since neither is a true anesthetic in the sense of blocking pain, and both give poor muscle relaxation, they usually are supplemented by one of the gases.

Their chief disadvantage is that, once given, they cannot be taken away until the body eliminates them. But in the hands of a physician-anesthetist, these various agents can be blended to do just what has to be done in regard to relaxation and pain relief—no more, no less.

Regional anesthesia implies that only a part of the body is anesthetized—the rest stays "awake." Procaine (or Novocain) is the most common of the local or regional anesthetics, but there are many variations of the basic formula. In spinal anesthesia, a carefully measured solution of the drug is injected into the spinal canal so that it bathes the lower portion of the spinal cord or the nerves coming from the lower end of the cord.

The drug "deadens" the nerve by blocking the transmission of impulses; pain stops as long as that block remains. This gives good relaxation and can be used where inhalation anesthesia might be undesirable. However, it is suitable only for surgery below the diaphragm, as a general rule.

Procaine is used also for local infiltration and block anesthesia. The dentist who pulls a tooth places a small amount of procaine solution around the nerve carrying pain sensations from the tooth to be extracted.

In other cases, it may be wiser to distribute procaine throughout the area to be operated, or at least in the line of incision. As it spreads through the tissues, local pain is stopped. This is commonly used in caring for injuries that need stitches, fractures, infections that must be opened up, and similar conditions.

The chemical that puts you to sleep or deadens the pain is only part of modern anesthesia. To allay apprehension, the surgeon and anesthetist try to put the patient at ease, lower his level of conscious irritability with sedatives and hypnotics, relieve his immediate pain, and otherwise comfort him.

It is not uncommon for a patient to insist that he have the kind of anesthetic Joe Doakes had because Joe thought what he had was good. The surgeon and anesthetist often spend much time persuading a patient that he should have something else because Joe's anesthetic would be unsuitable for both the patient and the operation to be performed.

It is always safest to trust one's surgeon and the specialists he gathers around him to support his highly technical work. The anesthetist on this team knows what should be used, how to use it, and all the emergency situations that may arise. It is, therefore, wise to let him select the tools appropriate to the job, and do with you as his better judgment dictates.

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. . . Writes Mrs. Earl Haver, Coronet Agent in Indiana

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The Lights in the Halliday Home

Trust, friendship, love—this famous actress has brought to her own family the creed she discovered in her youth

by Mary Martin

SHORTLY AFTER we were married, my husband, Richard Halliday, was rummaging through some old keepsakes of mine when he came upon a yellow card, and on it, in a schoolgirl scrawl:

"I would be true, for there are those who trust me; I would be pure, for there are those who care; I would be strong, for there is much to suffer; I would be brave, for there is much to dare; I would be a friend to all—the foe—the friendless; I would be giving, and forget the gift; I would be humble, for I know my weakness; I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift."

On the other side of the card was the same childish scrawl:

"Mrs. Alvis read this poem to us girls today, and I hope my Heavenly Father will always let me live by this creed." Mrs. Alvis was my teacher in Weatherford Junior High in Texas.

Richard framed the creed in a glass panel, and it is on a table in the library of our home in Connecticut.

Some nine years ago, I was rehearsing a play called "Lute Song," which had a Chinese setting. Richard, doing some research on it, found this ancient proverb:

"If there is righteousness in the heart, there will be beauty in the character. If there be beauty in the character, there will be harmony in the family home. If there is harmony in the home, there will be order in the nation. When there is order in the nation, there will be peace in the world."

The proverb is embroidered in a petit-point rug, which my husband designed for our living room. It took me over three years to make the rug. But I did. In the rug is also a view of our home in winter; the cherry tree in the yard which our 14-year-old daughter, Heller, loves so much; and my son Larry's field of yellow mustard and red

From *Guideposts*, copyright, 1955, by Guideposts Associates, Inc.

roses, and also his favorite guitar.

The creed and proverb are the real lights in the Halliday home—the lights we try to live by.

All the parents I know, including myself, face the frightening feeling of losing contact with their children. At 17, Larry got our permission to attend a party in New York City. At 2:00 A.M. he had not returned. The next hour was agony.

At 3:00 A.M. he phoned and said: "I didn't realize it was so late, we were having such a good time." Then he added, "I'm not doing anything you'd be ashamed of."

"I would be true, for there are those who trust me . . ."

Larry is in the Air Force, in England. His letters are amazing and wonderful because he's pouring back all the things we thought we could never teach him: "I'm beginning to understand all the anxious moments I've caused you and Richard," he writes, "and all your problems and hopes."

"If there is righteousness in the heart, there will be beauty in the character . . ."

Heller is beginning to pour back the things we never thought we could teach her, either. During the Los Angeles run of "Peter Pan," she

Daughter Heller is pouring back "all the things we never thought we could teach her."

cracked her toes badly while playing one afternoon. But she performed that night, and every night thereafter—acting, singing and dancing—and we never knew about her cracked toes until much later.

In 1945, when I was touring in "One Touch of Venus," Heller remained in Huntington, West Virginia, with her grandmother.

As soon as the show closed, Richard and I rushed there—to find that Heller had been badly bitten by a dog. She lay in bed, drugged with sulfa and anti-rabies serum. My heart ached for her, but I held back my tears.

"*I would be strong, for there is much to suffer . . .*"

Tears during a chid's torment are an expression of self-pity. I prayed that God would help her. And He did.

They say those who act carve in snow. If there is any joy in our grueling work, it is only the joy we give others. When we do, we are repaid a hundredfold.

"*I would be a friend to all—the foe—the friendless; I would be giving, and forget the gift; I would be humble, for I know my weakness; I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.*"

When I needed them most, such thoughts have given me strength beyond endurance. There were times during "Peter Pan" when bad colds had to be doctored in the wings, and when an emergency treatment was necessary after I flew head-on into a wall.

But thousands of children were expecting to see "Peter Pan." We just couldn't disappoint them.

"*I would be brave, for there is much to dare . . .*"

After I had occasion to read the creed on television, I received this letter from a minister in Delaware:

"The creed you quoted was written by Howard Walter, a colleague of mine during the first World War. The last time I saw him was in Bombay, in August, 1918. He had come to India to work, in spite of poor health. . . . Later I received word of his death from flu.

"We loved him greatly. His influence in India was quite wonderful. Your reading his poem is evidence it still continues."

Things never die, do they? A timeless link is forged with the lovely words written by a missionary in India, a friend in Wilmington who cannot forget him, and a schoolgirl in Texas who loved the teacher for the creed she taught.

Explanations Are in Order

On coming into his office one morning, an Alabama businessman was surprised to see his secretary holding her nose while talking long-distance to a customer in New England. Asked the reason, she explained: "On long distance calls, these Yankees can't understand a thing I say unless I hold my nose!" —*Cappers Weekly*

A midwesterner explained his wife's success in collecting Red Cross donations this way: "She does her best by going out on a stormy night. When people see her standing there half drowned, they feel so sorry that they open their doors—and their purses." —Nell Moore in *Rotarian*

The Third Sex—Guilt or Sickness?

AN ADULT WITH CHILD-LIKE EMOTIONS, THE VICTIM OF A PHYSICAL IMBALANCE—OR A DANGEROUS NON-CONFORMIST? HERE IS A FRANK ANSWER TO THESE PERPLEXING QUESTIONS

by TED BERKMAN

HOMOSEXUALITY IS probably increasing in the United States. Certainly it is being practiced more and more openly. That is the considered opinion of qualified medical observers.

Sedate Philadelphia is the scene of not-too-secret "drags" where young men adorned with wigs and falsies try to outdo each other in "female" seductiveness. Miami Beach has a well-known stretch of sand unofficially reserved for all-male gatherings. Homosexuals have their own summer colonies, their own magazines.

Public awareness of the problem has been intensified in recent days by newspaper accounts of the State Department security cases, and in the theater through such plays as "Tea and Sympathy."

Homosexuality has been denounced as an outrageous crime, and dismissed as a trivial eccentricity. But it has rarely been examined objectively in the light of our present laws and existing medical knowledge.

Is homosexuality a crime? In some forms, unquestionably. Few practices are more revolting to civilized man than the seduction of, or a forcible attack on, a helpless minor.

And it contains at least a potential for other socially dangerous behavior. Many acts of adult violence—assaults, beatings, suicides—have stemmed from homosexual conflicts. The shadow of blackmail is always present. So is the threat of social isolation.

But it is the first point—concern over possible injury to an innocent child—that predominantly influences society's attitude toward homosexuality.

Current research indicates that the seduction of minors by homosexuals is not nearly so widespread as is popularly supposed. Nevertheless, it is the intensity of our feelings on this subject that is reflected in our severe legal statutes regarding sex deviation.

As Dr. Alex Comfort points out in his "Sexual Behavior in Society," our laws condemn as crime all homosexual activity between adults, or between an adult and a child, without reservation as to willingness of the participants. In most states, this applies to women, also, although female offenders are substantially fewer and treated more leniently by the courts.

Legally speaking, the homosexual is simply and flatly a criminal to be punished; a violator of the common human code. But this thesis presumes that the homosexual is a non-conforming outcast. Yet, Professor Kinsey reported in his celebrated survey not only that more than one-third of American men had "some homosexual experience," but also that a considerable part of our population is neither absolutely heterosexual nor absolutely homosexual.

"There are many stages," Kinsey concluded, "between the complete male and the complete female."

In the words of Havelock Ellis, pioneer authority on sex: "Every normal man, in the matter of sex, is found to show some abnormal elements; and the abnormal man is merely manifesting in a disordered or extravagant shape some phase of the normal man."

Today's researchers find degrees of homosexuality ranging from the homosexual Don Juan, whose main preoccupation is new conquests, to men who feel only a vague, haunting sense of guilt about their occasionally fervent admiration of male friends.

Some of mankind's foremost thinkers and creative artists are considered to have been active or latent homosexuals—among them Plato, Socrates, Oscar Wilde, Tschaikowsky, Walt Whitman and Leonardo da Vinci. One of the most pathetic mementos of the great Michelangelo is a letter written in his old age begging for the favor of a smile from a young Florentine dandy.

Since the beginnings of history, attempts have been made to legalize homosexuality out of existence. In pre-medieval times, offenders were castrated, decapitated and burned at the stake—without the surviving practitioners becoming fewer.

GANGSTERS IN EXILE
Deportation is the "rap" most feared by our foreign-born hoodlums. A full report of what becomes of them outside the land of easy money and high living appears in December Coronet.

At best, punishment as prescribed by law offers only short-term solutions. It has not eradicated the dangerous effects of homosexuality—because it has never penetrated to the roots of the problem.

Where are those roots? Most authorities today believe they come into clear focus if subjected to unbiased, scientific examination. Should homosexuality be regarded not primarily as a crime, but rather as an illness from which crime may sometimes result? Is it subject to treatment and cure? Biologists answer with a conservative, "Very likely." Psychiatrists and social scientists say positively, "No doubt about it."

Biologically, the sex of an individual is decided at the moment of conception. However, the embryo still retains both male and female elements, and so can still develop either way. Whether it fulfills its initial tendency depends largely on the functioning of the endocrine glands—ductless organs which secrete substances called hormones directly into the blood stream.

The basic impulse toward sexual development comes from a hormone secreted by the pituitary gland. A deficiency of this sex-stimulating hormone in a boy's early years will produce visible physical effects: undeveloped reproductive organs, and even roundish contours of breasts and thighs.

Similar changes occur from malfunctioning of the adrenal cortex gland. V. H. Mottram, distinguished British physiologist, cites the case of a 44-year-old athlete, married and the father of two sons, who inexplicably began developing womanly breasts and losing his previous "vigorous" interest in sex.

An operation discovered and removed an adrenal tumor; and "within a week remasculinization began. The breasts receded, excess weight was lost . . . within a month sexual activity was resumed."

A 1942 survey, significantly enough, found an unusually high percentage of glandular disorders in homosexuals.

Can homosexuality, then, be cured by glandular treatment? Doctors do not make far-reaching claims for such *cures*: what they do insist is that glands are frequently a contributing factor, affecting an individual's susceptibility to homosexuality.

Dr. Herman Rubin, a leader in the field, says, "A hormonic imbalance is likely to nudge a boy toward homosexuality, or at least make him less able to withstand emotional and social pressures pushing him in that direction."

It is these "emotional and social" forces which increasingly are being held accountable for homosexuality.

IN THE PSYCHIATRIC VIEW, the homosexual suffers from stunted emotional growth; he has a childlike emotional equipment in the body of a grown man.

As Freud and his successors analyze it, the homosexual, instead of progressing through several stages of feeling between infancy and maturity, has been "left back" at what should have been but a way-station in the past. Most of his sexual responses remain anchored at an early level where he received his main erotic gratification orally.

His affections, in turn, are "fixated" upon some member of his family for whom he conceived an extremely strong attachment in the early years—most commonly, his mother. Psychiatrists' reasoning is this: young boys are extremely devoted to their mothers, whom they idealize and who are the objects of their earliest sexual feelings. But they soon absorb the judgment that such feelings are socially taboo.

The most frequent damaging consequence is an unconscious sense of guilt which is liable to be carried into later life and applied to the female sex in general; relations with women are feared and shunned because such intimacies would be the psychological equivalent of incest.

An alternative reaction is that of the child who, learning of his mother's close physical relations with his father, feels desperately betrayed. His jealous resentment can be translated later into a violent hatred of all women, and ultimately to a retreat into homosexuality.

In still another offshoot of overattachment to a female in the family, the boy child identifies himself with a beloved mother, sister or aunt. He tries to emulate her in dress, manners and, finally, sexual behavior.

Female homosexuality, too, appears to be largely traceable to unhealthy childhood environment: marital discord, rejection by one or both parents, overdependence, and rigid discipline coupled with complete lack of sex education.

HOWEVER, family situations are not the only psychological incitements toward homosexuality. Also to be considered are pressures of environment: high-tension city living, replacement of human contact by impersonal mechanization, and the haunting insecurities of the atomic era. Some sociologists point to the growing aggressiveness of career-minded American women as an additional element tending to de-masculinize our men.

Most powerful evidence of the environmental factor is the frequency of homosexuality wherever large groups of men are confined together, as in prisons, army camps, boys' schools and on shipboard. Yet it must be pointed out that other men subjected to identical situations do not react by turning to homosexuality.

All of this emphasizes the complex interplay of factors involved in determining the individual's "threshold" of susceptibility to homosexuality: biological predisposition, early psychological conditioning in the family, and later social experience.

But whatever the elements making up any single pattern, it seems abundantly clear that the homosexual is a sick person in the usual sense of the term: that he has distinct symptoms which can be traced to their origins; that he can be treated and cured.

How do homosexuals themselves feel about their situation? Many put up an initial show of bravado, of pretended conviction that they are a superior breed not bound by the conventions of the common herd. Others merely feel they are "different." But few will deny that they are troubled.

As one man put it: "I'm not going anywhere and I know it. There's no future in this kind of life. No one is basically satisfied with it, so the relationships never endure. It's a kind of quicksand that people are stuck in together. In their hearts, most of them would like to get out, if they knew how."

Medical opinion in this country now tends increasingly toward the European approach, under which homosexuals whose activities do not collide with society in any criminal way are left alone by the law.

For those who do run afoul of the law, and must be punished, modern psychiatry feels the punishment should go together with the cure, as is provided for in other cases where there is a strong factor of mental disturbance.

Even more emphatically, our doctors stress that, as an illness with visible origins and symptoms, homosexuality can be prevented, or at least partially prevented.

Experts agree that proper upbringing of children is the best safeguard against homosexuality. Their advice to parents is:

1. Avoid surrounding sex with mysterious taboos. Let your child be aware of the difference between the sexes. But don't go to the other extreme—children more than a year old should not sleep in their parents' bedroom.

2. Provide growing boys with the consistent interest and company of a man so that they will naturally absorb masculine attitudes—especially regarding parenthood and the responsibility of forming a home.

3. See that they have warmth and love from their mothers so that they will turn to women in later life for the same qualities. But beware of fostering overdependence. Boys should be encouraged to make their own decisions as their physical and mental capacities increase.

4. If you were disappointed in the sex of your child, never let the child know it. Many homosexual drives are attributed to a frantic, though unconscious, desire to please the parents.

5. Watch for any signs of physical abnormality that might reflect glandular malfunctioning. The time to correct this is in youth.

6. Be alert to overt signs of psychological difficulties, such as a violent aversion to little girls on the part of a boy, or an insistence on playing exclusively with them.

7. Give your son particularly sympathetic attention during adolescence, when his glandular system is going through enormous readjustment. This is the time when the latent female component has most opportunity to come to the surface, because the dominant male element has not yet developed full power to repress it.

8. Keep your own attitude on homosexuality cool and objective. The acute problem we face today is partly the result of futile emotional attempts at solutions in the past. The hope for a healthier, safer tomorrow lies in increased scientific knowledge, skilled treatment and a wider public understanding of basic human relationships.

Information Please

A LADY ELECTION clerk in North Carolina recently reported that a man telephoned her to inquire, "Am I registered?" "I'll see," she replied efficiently. "Where do you live?"

The man gave an address and the woman selected the appropriate registration book.

"What is your name?" she asked him.

"That," said the man, "is information I wish to withhold." —*Telephony*

A WOMAN CALLED a Mount Vernon telephone operator, the *New York Journal-American* reports, and asked for NEpperhan 0778.

"NEpperhan 0778 is obsolete," the operator told her.

"Thank you," said the woman, "then give me OBsolete 0778."—*Hello*

THE "GENTLE TOUGH"

A warmly affectionate portrait of Jimmy Cagney, the screen's "hard guy," by a friend and neighbor

THE MASTER-MOBSTER who shows his contempt for a woman by shoving a grapefruit in her face, pumps a double-crosser full of lead, and mocks society by breaking any law is the James Cagney everybody knows. Fictional man of many parts, all of them bad, the screen's "toughest little mug" is in real life a man of many good parts.

We were throwing a ball around one afternoon with a couple of Little Leaguers. "Kids," he said to me, "are the greatest thing in the world. I wish I had a hundred of 'em." He is devoted to his own two adopted children, Jim, Jr., and Catherine, and the devotion is returned: it is because he can talk their language, and never speaks down to them.

But he loves all children. Show him pictures of your own, tell him the cute things they say, and he shares your happiness like a favorite uncle.

He came to our home one night, to a party in celebration of our daughter's first birthday. I took him up to her bedroom and turned on the light over the crib.

He looked at her for a moment in silence. His head moved ever so slightly in wonder, incredulity.

Then he spoke, softly, caressingly: "Look at that, now! Did you ever see anything so beautiful?"

His voice carried longing, a touch of envy without malice, and poignant regret that he had been denied what he wanted most, a child of his own blood.

I got to know Jim Cagney some 15 years ago when he came to Martha's Vineyard, an island five miles off the "heel" of Cape Cod, looking for a place where he could enjoy a respite from work and the public without hiding out like a felon.

This price of fame he hates to pay. Gregarious and democratic by nature, he loves to mingle among people. He soon found that he could do just that on our island.

Typical of the Vineyard's attitude was the remark made by Zeb Tilton, a salty octogenarian, upon being introduced to Cagney.

"Movie man?" Cap'n Zeb said. "Then whar's his camera?"

Finding these conditions ideal, Cagney purchased one of the landmarks of the island, a charming farmhouse designed and constructed some 150 years ago by a shipbuilder, in the characteristic style of the best of New England architecture. Unoccupied and neglected for some years, sitting on a knoll on rolling acreage, it is now gradually

OF MARTHA'S VINEYARD

by Hamilton Benz

being restored to its original charm.

After weeks of hard work on a picture, Cagney hurries East to his farmhouse. On sunny days he is out in the fields driving a tractor, planting or plowing. When a nor'easter is blowing or the fog hangs heavy, you find him indoors puttering about, painting, patching, polishing. Or you find him loafing on a couch, a guitar propped on his belly, his fingers plucking an Irish ballad or the melody of a favorite Brahms song.

He loafs with the art of a professional tramp: he never kills time; he loves it too much.

In the years he has been coming to the island, he has gradually won the affection of his neighbors.

Cagney has no pretensions about his ability as a farmer. It is his hobby. In the mysteries of soil conservation, cattle, crops and irrigation, he finds the pleasure and relaxation he needs.

Soil conservation is his particular interest—passion, one might say, for when Rollins College bestowed on him a doctorate of humanities earlier this year, he gave a speech, read from a carefully prepared paper on conservation and its meaning to humanity, while the audience waited in vain for delicious details about life in "fabulous" Hollywood.

It seldom requires a second glance to mark the stamp of an actor, but Cagney is the rare member of that profession who makes believe only when he is working at it. Off the set, he never poses or struts, never declaims in affected speech or with the grand gesture.

Modest, unassuming, natural, he is always himself. In conversation, his eyes rarely leave yours, and the talk is more often about you. Generously endowed with the best of Irish qualities, he puts his eyes into his smile, his heart into his words, his belly into his laugh.

Jim and his wife Billie, who have been married for 33 years, are genial hosts. Cagney loves to cook. We spent an evening at his farm, which featured a dinner of thick steaks cooked outside over a charcoal fire.

He cooked those steaks with the aplomb of a master chef, while he dispensed observations on abstract painting, food, professional wrestling, food, igloo-building, food. And food.

He loves good food, and curses the admixture of chromosomes and genes that incline his stocky build toward weight, a decided disadvantage in the many roles that demand fast reflexes. The man who, on the screen, will double-cross anyone hasn't a false note to him in real life. All people easily find his level of communication. Having known the top and bottom of the ladder, having experienced his share of flops and hits, and been familiar with poverty for half his life, he ascribes no false values to wealth.

Among Hollywood's hardest workers, he is one of the easiest to get along with on the set. Though his colleagues know him only slightly, they all like and respect him. His aversion to their mode of life isn't snobbery. It is simply that their ways are not his. He can't pattern himself to the standard type for the simple reason that his heart isn't in it. And that is the stamp of the man: sincerity.

His heart is in everything he does; he puts it there. This is attested to by many has-beens who have touched him and been deeply touched themselves, for the man knows how to give. He should, he was on the receiving end for a long time.

One of six children, James Cagney was born on New York's lower East Side. At 14, he went to work to help with the family finances, doing odd jobs after school as copy boy, package wrapper, book handler, bellboy.

Graduating from Stuyvesant High, he entered Columbia; but after one semester in a commercial art course decided on acting as a career. Then began the desperate years—brief jobs as a chorus boy, a dancing school in collaboration with Billie which didn't draw one pupil, a succession of vaudeville acts on tour.

The break—a part in a Broadway play—finally came through an actor-friend. His work caught the eye of a producer who hired him for his own play, *Penny Arcade*. It became a hit. Warner Brothers purchased the rights and Cagney went with the package. His rise to stardom wasn't swift, but it was sure.

When *Love Me or Leave Me* was released last June, his performance as the Gimp won him accolades as the hottest "new" star.

Difficulties began when he left the Warner Studio and struck out on his own as an independent, with *The Time of Your Life*. It lost money. So did *A Lion Is in the Streets*. After that, the scripts that came to him were all in the same familiar pattern—hoodlum roles full of violence. He stayed on his farm.

STOP ARTHRITIS
Support
THE ARTHRITIS AND RHEUMATISM FOUNDATION

Last season, while working in *Run for Cover*, Bob Hope asked him to appear in *The Seven Little Foys* as George M. Cohan, the portrayal that brought him an Oscar for *Yankee Doodle Dandy*. After that, his friend, director John Ford, persuaded him to take the role of the Captain in *Mr. Roberts*. He recently completed the picture, *Tribute to a Bad Man*.

The forceful realism that is the touchstone of his talent is not haphazardly applied. Compounded of controlled energy, thoughtful preparation marked by a keen ear and observant eye, his portrayals come from the heart as well as the head.

"A good actor," he once said, "is one who makes the longest scenes seem like the shortest." He is the embodiment of his own definition.

His sense of humor is rich, catholic. He will laugh with you or at you with equal heartiness, and the next moment at himself.

Strolling a Hollywood boulevard one evening, he saw a small boy standing in front of a poster depicting Cagney in the role of a hoodlum. The boy was whispering, in the attitude of an acolyte before the high altar.

Flattered, curious, Cagney moved closer, where he could hear: "Why, you little punk, I could lick you with my eyes closed and one hand tied behind my back."

The master gunman of the movies, who always fires his automatic with deadly accuracy, winces when he recalls the incident of the coyote at his California ranch. The beast had been foraging too close to a litter of boxer puppies.

Gun in hand, the sure-triggered killer of the screen stalked out into the night. The coyote disappeared. As Jim adjusted the safety catch, the gun went off, the bullet piercing his hand.

Protecting a litter of pups, midwifing a mare about to foal, warming milk for a stray kitten are chores he loves to do.

My first meeting with Cagney occurred on a hot summer night. He stood close to a kerosene lamp, its dim light patterning his face with a weird chiaroscuro that gave a sinister, even malevolent cast to his features. I had the uneasy sensation of being party to some underworld plot as we were introduced.

Cagney shook my hand but did not release it: edging his right foot sidewise against mine, he drew me into position for a go at Indian wrestling. Though I am taller and heavier than he in less than two seconds I was on the floor.

Never pick a fight with Cagney. He knows all the Judo tricks to support his boxing ability—which rarely needs support.

I got up from the floor and he

went on with the story my entrance had interrupted. It was in the Irish tradition—now hilarious, now poignantly moving—told with an Irishman's canny knack for choice epithets garnished with the richest adjectives, and delivered with the full gamut of nuances and inflections.

That was in 1940, at a time when Cagney's talents were strait jacketed. He was a type—the punk. Hollywood moguls, impressed only by externals, were satisfied that he looked like a punk, acted like one, talked like one. For as long as they were able to sell him as a punk, they remained blind to his many other talents, to the extraordinary facets of his personality. And the clue to that personality was there all the time.

The actor's main prop, his voice, is also the gauge of the man. He may disguise it in dialect but he cannot conceal its innate quality, its *timbre*. This is the key to many traits.

Cagney's 54th picture has been completed now, in the 25th year of his movie career. Listen to his voice in scenes in his more recent films, scenes calling for expressions of the deeper sentiments. You will hear the vibrancy of its natural resonance softened by a strange quality.

A laryngologist would define it as breathy. Yet that excess of breath acts much as a mute to a cello string, and the effect moves us with an immediate communication that is universal—the language of the heart.

Perhaps Cagney put words to it himself—unwittingly. At lunch one day, he served his son a very special sandwich. "Gee, Daddy," young Jim said, "this is a wonderful sandwich. What did you put in it?"

The reply came warm and tender, without premeditation. "Oh, I don't know, I guess a little love."

Anything Wrong with These?

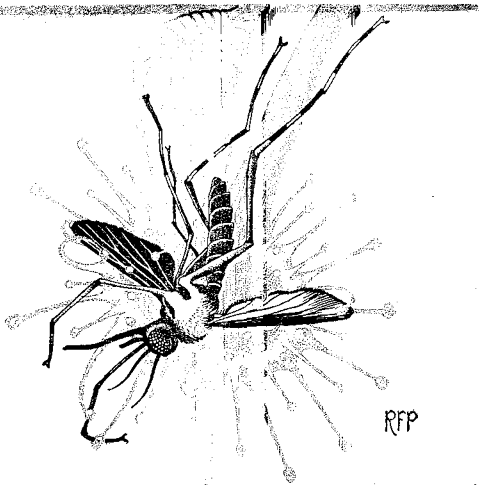
(Quotations on page 64 are *all* misquotations.)

1. " 'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house." —CLEMENT C. MOORE
2. "Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
   And as silently steal away."—LONGFELLOW
3. "The course of true love never did run smooth."—SHAKESPEARE
4. "I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat."—CHURCHILL
5. "Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast."—CONGREVE
6. "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds."—EMERSON
7. "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country."—MATTHEW XIII
8. "Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio."—SHAKESPEARE
9. "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife."—THOMAS GRAY
10. "The love of money is the root of all evil."—I TIMOTHY VI
11. "We are such stuff as dreams are made on."—SHAKESPEARE
12. "The voice of one crying in the wilderness."—MARK I
13. "To gild refined gold, to paint the lily."—SHAKESPEARE
14. "Pride goeth before destruction."—PROVERBS XVI
15. "An ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own."—SHAKESPEARE

KILLER PLANTS

With bright colors or tempting odors, they lure their insect victims

by MADELYN WOOD



WHEN SCIENCE-FICTION WRITERS picture weird planets inhabited by bizarre creations half animal, half plant, they are not jumping off the deep end of imagination. For right here on our own earth there are nearly 500 kinds of just such incredible plant-animals.

They are the carnivorous plants which turn not only to the air or the ground for food, but also to living creatures of the animal world. As craftily as any hunter, these killer plants seem to lie in wait for their victims, then seize and eat them.

They use this un-plantlike method of getting nourishment because they generally grow in swampy, acid soils deficient in nitrogen, which all plants need to survive. And the ways in which they accomplish this feat rank them among nature's greatest wonders.

Hundreds of kinds of these carnivorous plants flourish in the United States, among them the fabulous bladderwort, an aquatic plant which is found near the surface of the water. Its leaves are studded with tiny bags.

An insect swimming unsuspectingly along sees nothing dangerous about this ordinary-looking plant. But when it touches one of the long, pointed hairs at the opening of the bag, the bag inflates. As it does so, a door that has been shut, opens. Water rushes into the bag, carrying the bug with it.

Another botanical marvel at the bug-catching business is the pitcher plant, a gaudy swamp-dweller which does not wait for its victims to blunder within reach. It lures them by its brilliant color (which may be purple, yellow, red, etc., according to the species), or, in some cases, by sending out an odor irresistible to bugs—a principle recently employed in patented fly-traps.

The victim ventures inside the pitcher-shaped blossom and finds itself in a container, partly filled with fluid, from which it suddenly wants to escape. But the short hairs pointing downward into the plant are an insuperable barrier which the bug slid over easily coming in but now cannot travel against. Eventually, it gives up the struggle and slides into the fluid.

Nature has created few more harmless-looking plants than the sundew, and perhaps none more deadly. The rounded leaves of this plant are covered with a fluid that glitters in the sunlight. Some insects are attracted simply by this gleaming beauty—others by the fluid's odor.

Let an insect alight on one of these ornamented hairs and, instantly, dozens of nearby hairs lean toward it. Before the victim can escape, they have enfolded it. Whereupon the hairs become digestive glands which extract the food value from their captive, then return to their former positions to await another victim.

Probably the most savage of the insectivorous plants—one that actually employs violence against its victims—is the Venus flytrap which grows only in North and South Carolina. Its leaves have wicked thornlike spines studded around the edges. A fly lights on the leaf. Instantly, like the jaws of a bear trap, the leaf folds together, its spines interlocking. Unless the trap opens again, the insect is caught in a murderous embrace from which there is no escape.

Amazingly, this plant-animal seems to know just what it wants to eat. It desires items of food containing nitrogen, and nothing else will do. Botanists have tried tempting it with other types of food, but it rejects them.

"It's hard to believe this plant doesn't have intelligence," is a comment often made by scientists.

According to Dr. Otto Stuhlman, University of North Carolina physicist, in a report to the American Physical Society, the Venus flytrap has what may be compared with a primitive nerve system. He has traced the size of the electric charges that flash through the plant when an insect alights on it.

Dr. J. N. Couch, of the University of North Carolina, recently saw a plant capture its victim in an even more startlingly different way. This plant is a fungus equipped with ring-shaped traps composed of three cells. When an unwary worm crawls into a trap, the cells instantly swell, catching it in a lethal grip.

Some of the carnivorous plants are but a few inches high, few of them grow much over three feet. But it is not too wildly imaginative to picture a world inhabited by far larger versions. Perhaps if the biological history of our planet had taken a little different course, even man-eating plants might have developed.

℞ for Happiness

AT A RADIO BROADCAST, the emcee asked, "Now who will admit she is the oldest woman in this audience?"

"I reckon I am," declared a smiling old lady. "I'm 89."

The emcee said, "Grandma, you look so gloriously happy, how about giving us younger generation some hints on the successful pursuit of happiness?"

"I never pursued it, young man," said Grandma. "I just found myself a place where I could sit and relax once in a while and let happiness catch up with me."

—*Wall Street Journal*

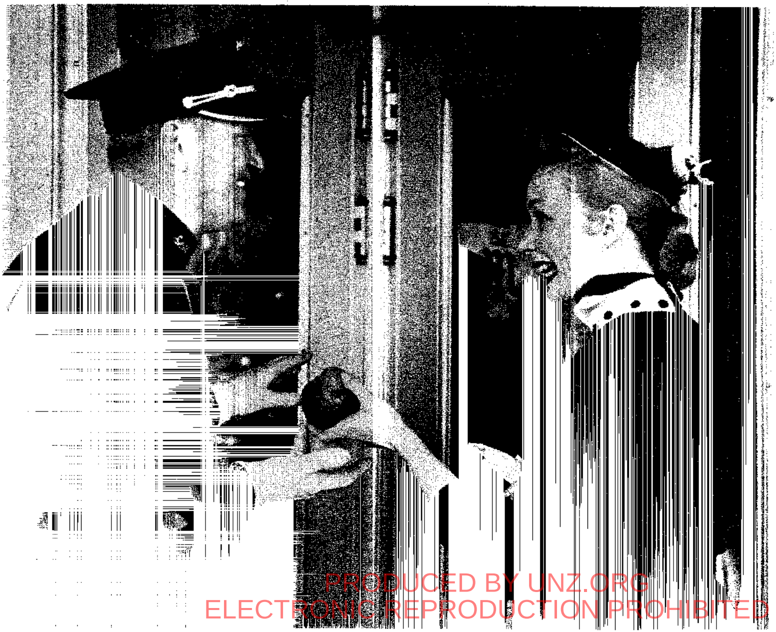
THE DOORMAN

CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, in New York, is a boulevard of fashionable hotels. They stand shoulder to shoulder, each with its own tradition—and each with its special ambassador to the outside world. Elegantly uniformed, white-gloved, imperturbable, his empire may stretch only from entrance to curbstone, but in reality it's a charmed circle into which he welcomes visitors from the far places of the earth. Here he presides with grace and authority—as much a symbol of the establishment as its facade. In our story his name is Al Mechow; his hotel, the St. Moritz. It overlooks the quiet reaches of Central Park, where the Avenue of the Americas ends, where Simon Bolivar, Liberator of South America, forever sits astride his pawing steed.

Photography by ROBERT MOTTAR

No envoy prepares for his day with more care. In 22 years as a doorman, catering to an international clientele, Al has learned that a hotel's reputation can rise or fall by the way he does his job. The doorman's tact, courtesy, appearance—these set a distinctive tone.

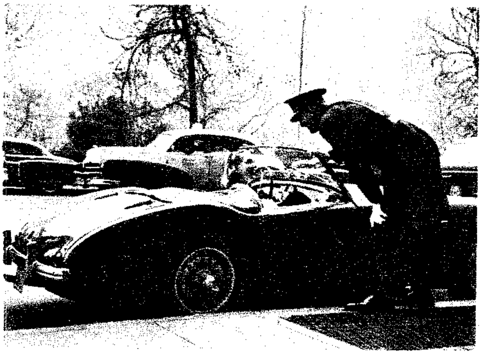
And if his workaday world is limited to Central Park South, it doesn't matter. Hollywood and Broadway, beauty and the fashioners of dreams, sooner or later enter his charmed circle. Movie star Piper Laurie, back from an early TV rehearsal, presents him with a good-morning gift.



A hotel is like a small kingdom, self-contained, with laws and statutes and well-defined protocol. Precisely at 8 A.M., Al helps porter J. Sutherland raise the American flag over the massive, arched entrance. This is invariably Al's first official task of the day.

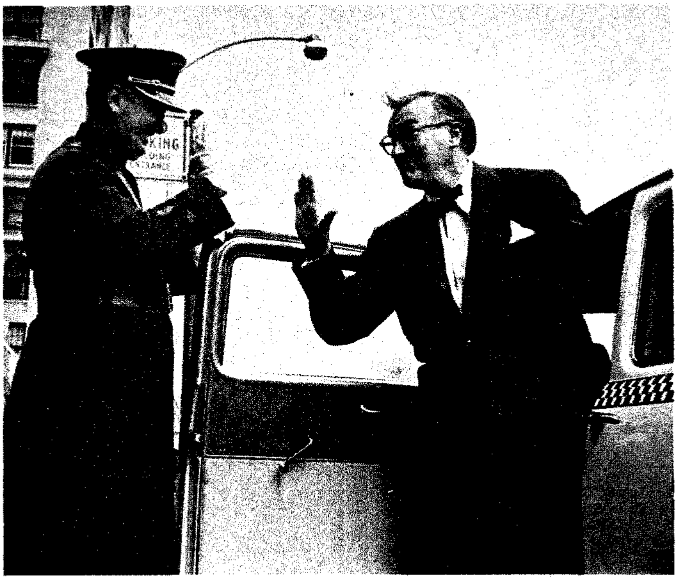
Al's good humor has charmed guests from places as remote as Cairo and Istanbul. No diplomat shows more felicity in small talk, especially when busy clubwomen wait impatiently for their car.

Or must he find one of New York's last remaining hansom cabs? Al performs the service for the actor, Walter Slezak, star of "Fanny," who treats his family to a quiet ride through the park.



Al must know a little about everything, from people to sports cars. In sizing up guests, for example, luggage, not clothes, is sure key to financial status.

The doorman must have a way with pets as well as guests. Though Al knows only English, his smile speaks a universal tongue. He's yet to seek an interpreter.



TV's Dave Garroway gets his own "Peace" greeting from doorman. "I give everybody a salute," Al says. "People like it." He tries to remember names, too. A great help: sneaking a look at luggage tags.

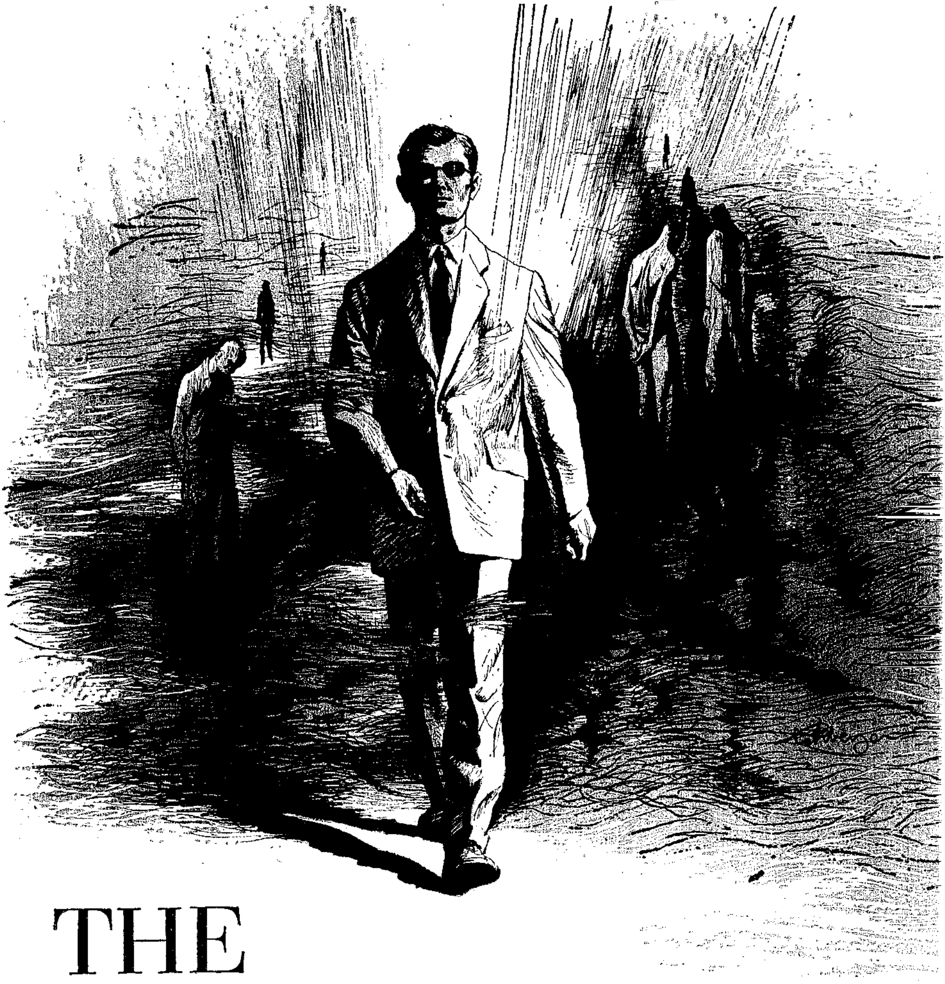
Al's day began at 5:15 A.M. when he woke in his Bronx apartment, 40 minutes by subway from the hotel. At 11 A.M. he has a half-hour lunch with doormen from neighboring hotels. It costs about $1. He earns $30 weekly, and averages as much or more in tips.

St. M
HOTEL
ST. MORITZ

Al helps actress Betsy Palmer take an armful of toys to her cab. Unlike most doormen, he wears gloves, both summer and winter, to keep his hands dry and clean. Each year he wears out 150 lefthand gloves (right is off most of the time to shake hands).

dusk, the day's last task. The world w

BOOK CONDENSATION



THE SECOND MIRACLE

by PETER GREAVE

Illustrated by GUSTAV REHBERGER

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SOMETIMES when it is very silent and the darkness presses against my window in inky folds, peace and freedom surround me and become alive. And somewhere deep in my belly a voice says, "This is happiness."

I'm a connoisseur of rooms. I've occupied hundreds of them, not here in England, of course, but before I escaped, way back in my old life, when I was skulking up and down India—dingy, airless cells in cheap hotels and shoddy boarding-houses and grimy tenements with rotting walls and scurrying cockroaches. This room, in the quiet English countryside, is the kind of room I dreamed about in those eight feverish years between '39 and '47, and yet most people would give everything they possess just to stay outside it. For this room of mine is one of a long line of similar rooms, and the lot together constitute a leper hospital.

I was born in India. My family was Irish with a large slice of Manchester in its background. I don't know how I contracted the disease. The doctors say that quite probably I contracted it while still a small child, from a Mauritian nurse with a swollen leg, who had charge of me while my parents were in Russia. Certainly I showed no signs of it. The family moved to the United States, and we spent some years in New York before returning to Bombay. I was a tall, lanky youth, incredibly bad at school work but good at games and, though a dirty fighter and inveterate coward, always chosen to box for my school.

Hard times came. My mother died. The family was broke; it was the time of the slump. At sixteen I was left to fend for myself. I enjoyed myself, on the whole. I nearly starved. I rushed on life like a lunatic. I spent it as though it were inexhaustible.

And then the morning I noticed a red spot on my forehead. It glowed as though it hid a fire. I thought, "I must get that seen to," but I forgot. I was busy rushing about India in search of the next job; I never seemed to have the time or the rupees to see a doctor. And then, about three months later, I discovered an ugly, sprawling discoloration about the size of an orange, clinging like a purple smear to the upper part of my thigh. I knew then that some secret mischief was working against me; something horrible and corrupt hidden deep in the cells and tissues of my body was making its way to the surface.

And so, at last, I attended the outpatients' department for skin diseases of a big Calcutta hospital. When the Bengali doctor had finished examining me, he scribbled something on a card. "Take this to the Leprosy Department," he said. "Not that I think it is that, but just to be on the safe side."

The Leprosy Department was the outcast of the hospital, a horrible smelly domain crammed full of partially naked Indians of the poorest class, their bodies covered with sores. As I stood there stiff with fear, an Indian came limping into the room from the surgery, and as he lifted his dhoti I saw high on his thigh a dark purple smear, exactly the same as that on my own skin, and the nausea of despair rose up inside me. This was the insignia of the disease.

For eight years, hidden away in

my cavelike room, shut in with my private fear, I was hardly conscious of what went on around me. I must have been one of the last men in India to realize that the British were pulling out, but in 1946 it was impossible to ignore the tremendous forces that were in motion. My doctor ceased his weekly visits; he was a Hindu, and it was not safe for him to traverse the Moslem quarter to reach me. There were riots and shootings. Isolated Europeans were beaten up or killed. The British were leaving India, and I watched them go like a man with a broken leg in a shipwreck.

FROM ENGLAND, my father came to my rescue and sent my fare. I landed at Liverpool on September 15, 1947. I was utterly defeated. I thought of suicide. I thought of escape—but one look at the mirror told me how hopeless escape would be. I saw a thin face, sallowed by half a lifetime of sun, dysentery, and malaria. The eyes were bloodshot and tortured, the right one almost blind. An ugly swelling ran like a weal across my forehead, and on one of my cheeks was a reddish swelling, an incandescence that glowed, as though lit by an inner fire. So I sat in bitter resignation as the car proceeded inexorably through the black English countryside.

I knew that the Homes were run by an order of Anglican nuns. My mind created a vision of long, empty rooms, where groups of gray shadows, disfigured and leaden with the fear that consumed them, huddled in the twilight.

I saw a few black-robed nuns moving silently down the wards, keeping a careful distance, their smooth, detached faces masking distaste with Christian self-sacrifice. And permeating everything, more powerful than the smell of antiseptics, the tang of rottenness and disease, the smell of bodies turning to dust in life.

The car finally pulled up at night before one of the convent buildings.

I could hear voices outside the car, but with my poor sight it was some seconds before I could distinguish the speakers. One was tall and gaunt and wore the long, shapeless robes of a nun; the other was a short, wiry woman with something long and flowing bound round her head.

I pushed open the door and stumbled stiffly to the ground. I put my hand against the car to steady myself. Nobody took any notice of me.

I looked toward the nun and tried to smile.

She said, "I'll take you to your room." Her voice sounded a little curt. I picked up my heavy suitcase and she added more kindly, "Can you manage that?"

"Of course I can, Sister," I said, anxious to sound brisk and cheerful. She led the way along a gravel path, walking with long, rapid strides. It was as if I had entered the country of the dead.

The nun stopped abruptly, flung open a door, and switched on a light. I followed her into a small room lit by a light that hung from the center of the ceiling. I had an impression of an iron cot, a square wooden table, and a straight-backed chair. I put down my suitcase and looked at the nun. I saw then that she was talking to me, and wondered how long this had been going on. I tried to listen, but my mind still refused to register any meaning. I stood there answering yes, or no, at intervals, as the tone of her voice seemed to demand.

Then, quite suddenly, she was gone. Pulling off my clothes, I fell into bed. Almost immediately I was asleep.

When I next opened my eyes it was bright morning. I could see a curve of blue sky. Birds were singing. I was surprised to find myself hoping. I got up and struggled into my old green dressing gown. At that moment, a knock sounded on my door. It was a gentle, courteous little knock, but it alarmed me so much that I stood where I was in the center of the floor, with my hands clenched exactly as though I were preparing to repel an invader.

The door swung open, and a young woman in a nun's habit walked toward me, carrying a tray. She was slender, not very tall, with large gray eyes, and a soft, smiling mouth. She looked demure, and yet a little mischievous. She said, "I expect Sister Jane told you that the bathroom is just opposite? You are sharing with Alexis for the time being. When you are ready, you might like to go out and meet the others."

Then she turned and said, "My name is Novice Monica. I've got to do you later on." With a shadowy little smile, she was gone. When I had finished breakfast I felt good. I told myself, "You've been lucky so far. It may not be so hard . . ."

I slouched across the room, and pulling back a strip of the curtain, peered cautiously into the brightness beyond. I saw a number of white bungalows with red roofs and wide verandas. There was a smooth lawn and a bed of roses, fringed with a line of young chestnut trees. Beyond was a meadow, still hazy in the morning mist. Everything was serene, contented, shining in bright sunlight.

Little groups of people were standing about near the chestnut trees. My confidence wilted instantly, and I ducked back into hiding. I dreaded meeting the others. Though I had seen many Indians suffering from the same disease as myself, I had never seen its effect on another white man. Those disfigurements were, in a sense, a mirror, showing me what I myself must become. And above all I dreaded the final capitulation, the admission that must be made: "This is my world; these are my brethren. Henceforth, I have no others."

At last, with a kind of desperate enterprise I walked out of my room and on to the sunlit veranda outside.

TWO MEN STOOD directly in front of me, a little distance from the rest. One of them was very tall and dark, with a bold aquiline nose; the other was squat and elderly, with a big yellow face, deeply wrinkled and embedded with layers of fat. He had dark, rolling eyes, and a thick, fleshy mouth, now curved in a smile.

He came bounding toward me. "Good morning," he exclaimed. "You are the new patient? I am Aristide." (He spoke with a certain pride, as though he were saying, "I am the Pope," or "I am Gregory Peck.") "Everyone will tell you that Aristide is a good boy. They all like Aristide. This," he said, "is Alexis."

"The prospect of meeting someone from the outer world filled me with dread."

I shot a quick look at the tall man but unlike Aristide he bore no outward signs of the disease. His long olive face was completely untouched, and his eyes, dark and lustrous with a hint of fanaticism in them, gazed at me with fixed intensity while he spoke.

He said, "You are sharing my quarters for the time being, I believe. I hope you will not find them too cramped."

The little man broke into a sudden tremendous laugh. "They've put you in Alexis' spare room and he's very upset about it. It's where he keeps his winter seedlings."

At this point another man entered the conversation. He was a little old man, brittle and bent as a dried twig, with small, dry, restless hands. His thin, meager little face looked blue and shrunken. His hands opened and closed perpetually, as though he were in constant pain.

"Does anyone ever leave here?" I asked.

There was a silence. Alexis jerked his shoulder with a little nervous spasm, and I noticed for the first time that one of his sleeves was empty. "Aristide should be able to answer that," he said. "He's been here seventeen years." He smiled faintly.

The earth seemed to heave a little. I felt as if I might be sick.

But Aristide was again shaking with laughter, and I realized that he felt a sort of pride in those wasted years.

"Does anyone ever leave here?" he spluttered. "You bet they do, but only feet foremost to the boneyard. Alexis' arm is there already."

After that everything was easy. Everybody seemed disposed to be friendly and most anxious to give me their opinion of the Homes. Aristide did not allow me to stay with anyone very long. "We must get on," he said. "The Big Doctors come down from London once a month, and this is their day."

I was terrified of meeting the doctors. It was quite irrational; I knew that I couldn't get along without them; and yet the sweat poured out of me whenever I was called upon to face one.

For so many years—ever since I knew that I had contracted this disease—I had never been seen by a doctor without being hurt, either physically (for the old treatment I had received in India involved considerable pain) or mentally, by being told something that I would have preferred not to know.

I stood for a moment, summoning my resolution, and stepped over the threshold into the waiting room beside the surgery door. I was astonished by the light-hearted gaiety of the other patients. They laughed and joked as excitedly as children at a party.

Some time later, my name was called. With a blind sense of panic

NOVICE SHARON
NOVICE MONICA
NOVICE SOPHIA

I prayed, "Lord, give me luck," and pushed open the door.

Whenever "the Big Doctors" came the Homes buzzed. There was a feeling of fun and excitement in the air. The patients got out their best clothes and preened until the doctors' arrival.

There were three of them—I shall call them Dr. Monroe, Dr. Clayton, and Dr. MacDonald. Each is a famous man.

Dr. Monroe was the eye specialist. He was tall with a manner of brusque, rather brittle authority. He had little patience with stupidity or self-pity. He would shake his narrow head irritably and emit a short, rasping snort of annoyance. "Use your brains, man," he would bark savagely. At such moments his wrath was awe-inspiring, and even the old patients were likely to quail a little.

Working in India for something like a quarter of a century, he had examined thousands of eyes that winced and smarted from the ravages of the disease. There was something about his long, gaunt face that compelled confidence. A single glance told the patient that here was a man who had his job at his fingertips.

And because I remembered his name from Bengal, I felt oddly moved when I found destiny had brought us face to face. I called him Colonel, just as everybody had done in the wars that lay behind. His lean old face came up with a jerk. Then he gave a half-shrug thinking, I suppose, "No need to ask where this chap comes from—the tides have washed in another length of old Indian driftwood."

"I could have saved that eye if you had come to me a year ago," he said with brusque sadness.

Dr. Clayton was the senior doctor in connection with the Homes. I remember wincing slightly while receiving an injection or having a slide taken and seeing the kind old face instantly become a mask of concern. He would make a clicking sound with his tongue. "There, there, my boy," he'd say, in his gentle brogue, "I'm sorry we had to hurt you. You stood up to it like a soldier."

Then there was Dr. MacDonald —a very important person indeed from our point of view because he was chief leprosy officer for the British Isles.

Sister Jane pulled me forward. I was planted in a chair and the doctors stood around me in a solid mass. They went over me, inch by inch. They tested the sensation in my hands and feet, the muscular reaction of my arms and fingers. Line after line was written on my chart. I was discussed in swift, brief medical sentences. Nothing was passed over.

Finally, Dr. Clayton patted me on the shoulder. "Don't expect miracles, my boy," he said, "but this new treatment really gets results. So give us time and keep your spirits up."

My room when I reached it, was cool and quiet. The dim light was wonderfully kind to my eyes. Without pulling off my shoes, I stretched myself on the bed and was asleep in five minutes.

I suppose I must have slept deeply and peacefully for nearly two hours before my submerged spirit was caught into the meshes of a dream. I heard myself screaming, and suddenly I awoke to find myself sitting up in bed with sweat pouring down my face and the sound of knocking on my door. "Come in," I said rather uncertainly, and in walked Novice Sophia with my tea.

My sleep had refreshed me, in spite of the ugly dream with which it had ended. After tea, I felt restless and eager to be outside.

I lit a cigarette and moved aimlessly along the gravel path. The natty little Jew who had spoken to me that morning was sunning himself on his veranda. I noticed that his thin, brittle old body was still encased in a heavy overcoat and that there were gloves on the dry little hands that he rubbed continually against each other. He reminded me of the lizards I had seen so often in India. He called me over to him in a rasping, feeble little croak, and I stood chatting to him in the sunshine. He called me Peter, as though I were an old friend.

While he had been talking, a big, old man, with grizzled hair and jutting nose and chin, had come out of one of the bungalows and was now dragging himself painfully toward us. He was bent almost double and shuffled along, supporting himself on a heavy stick. I could see from the way he groped his way forward that he was practically blind, and that every tortured step added to the unceasing pain that had become an inseparable part of his existence.

"It's Major Butler," said the little Jew. "He's taking his constitutional." He came up with us, stood leaning on his stick, his face contorted into a grimace-like smile.

"You must come and see me," he said, with a warmth and urbanity completely at variance with his appearance. "It's not easy for me to get around, just at present, and I should enjoy a chat about India. Knew it well. Things have changed a lot since 1936, of course." Then

"Tomorrow I start the new treatment . . . Diosone. I know that it is a dangerous and unpredictable drug . . . "

in a furtive little aside he mumbled, "If you're short of anything . . . cold climate . . . clothes rationing . . . I've a lot of stuff I shan't ever use."

Before I could do more than stammer a few disjointed words of thanks, Aristide's oily, ingratiating voice broke in upon us. "It is time for a walk, Peter," he exclaimed, in a proprietary voice which would have infuriated me at any other time. "If you like, I will take you."

It was obvious that he possessed a microscopic knowledge of this new world. I was anxious to ask him as many questions as I could.

The wooden gate leading from the Homes to the outside world had, as far as I could see, never been closed. Somehow, this small fact filled me with unreasonable hope. I did something then that I was to repeat hundreds of times. I rapped sharply on the gate post and prayed.

"O God, get me out of here, before it is too late. You got me to England. Now work a second miracle. Make me clean and strong again and give me another chance at life."

The prospect of meeting someone from the outer world filled me with dread.

"Someone's coming," I exclaimed, breaking abruptly into Aristide's monologue as I darted toward the hedge. An automobile was almost upon us, moving fast. Panic gripped me. In a second it must pass us, and I would be seen and known for what I was. Dropping to one knee and bending over so that my face should not be seen, I pretended to be tying a shoe lace.

There was a flurry of dust, and it had passed. Aristide stood in the road looking completely astonished by my terror. He said, "My word, Peter, you're a jumpy fellow." I think he enjoyed the feeling of superiority that my panic had given him.

We were standing opposite a grassy plot of ground, surrounded by a low hedge, and entered by a stout lych gate. A life-sized figure of Christ stood in the center, hanging upon a wooden cross. Around the crucified figure were a number of other, much smaller crosses. Some bore names, some initials, others just a date, painted in black numerals.

I said, "This belongs to the Convent?"

Aristide was silent for a minute, then he answered, "Yes, this is the old boneyard. This is where we all end up sooner or later."

I thought, "So this is where I shall wait for the last trump."

Suddenly I felt disgusted with myself. "Why do I waste time on such idiocy? What does it matter where I'm buried?"

"Come on," I said. "Let's get going!"

Two or three days passed, each infinitely long, and by the end of them I found that my life was beginning to assume a recognizable shape.

At seven o'clock every morning the door would jerk open, quick footsteps would move across the floor; I'd hear the rustle of the long habit, and a voice would say, "Good morning, Peter. Did you sleep well?" Or maybe, "Here's a good strong cup of tea. Drink it while it's hot." Or, more acidly, "It's a beautiful morning; all the others have been up for hours."

There'd be a different voice for every day of the week. If the voice was cool, gentle, and detached, it must belong to the pale, smiling Novice Monica. If it was loud and a little brusque, it must emanate from the stout, yellow, bespectacled Novice Truda. If it was deep, with a chuckle of laughter in its note, I'd know that it was young Novice Sophia.

Another of those early knocks would herald the arrival of the compelling Novice Sharon, and then the morning would be suddenly alive.

About an hour later, in would come my breakfast. There'd be cornflakes, an egg or perhaps a piece of fish, a large pot of tea, and as a final luxury two jugs of milk, one hot and one cold.

Somewhere around ten I would join the queue at the surgery waiting for treatment. In my case this did not take long as, apart from the numerous pills and tablets that I had to swallow, my eyes were the only part of me to require attention.

Treatment over, I would return to my room to find it shining and tidy. Turning on the light (I could not see to read except under a strong bulb), I would pore over the day's paper, which had been pushed in through the door by the ancient troglodyte of a Sister who acted as paper boy.

I slept during the afternoons. After tea the long evening stretched ahead of me, leisurely and peaceful, to be filled in any fashion that I chose. There always seemed plenty to do.

At supper I'd look at the faces around me. All showed the ravages of the common enemy. Some had faces swollen like footballs; others voices that whispered or hissed; others, like myself, had eyes that were bloodshot or bandaged; others had hands like claws.

Yet, I no longer felt despair or repulsion. I had accepted them as individuals and, as such, no outward thing could tarnish them. And they were surprisingly happy. Much more so, I thought, than the average person in the world outside.

SUPPER OVER, back in my small room, I'd huddle as close as I could to the sulky little anthracite stove. I felt the cold a great deal and was always stoking and prodding the wretched contraption. Everything was over for the day now, except a last visit from Sister Jane. She'd brush into my room presently, carrying a steaming cup of coffee, and I'd sit down and have my temperature taken. I looked forward to these nightly visits.

Sometimes her ugly, angular face would break into a smile, and one was surprised by the sudden glimpse it gave of the compassion and goodness that were generally concealed. I found it impossible to imagine her as anything but a nun. It was as though she had been born wearing the long, blue robes of her calling.

I remember once that I was smoking a cigarette when she strode into my room. Hastily I began to stub it out against the stove, but she said in her deep, emphatic way, "Don't put it out on my account, Peter. How many of them do you smoke a day?" Rather apologetically I told her that I accounted for around twenty, adding, "I suppose that's rather a lot?" She said, "I don't think so. I used to smoke twice as many as that, once." I felt embarrassed, as though I had peeped through a curtain.

A while after she had finished my treatment, a bell would sound through the darkness, the signal for the Sisters and Novices to return to the Convent for meditation. They would not speak again until they came back to us in the morning.

Then, seating myself at the table, I'd open the tattered brown exercise book that I used as a journal. It had been begun four months before, seven thousand miles away.

Squinting down at the page with my one good eye—if one third of an eye can be called good—I scrawled with laborious patience, my face almost touching the paper. This is what I wrote on my fourth night in that small room:

September 21, 1947. 9:30 P.M.

Tomorrow I start the new treatment. They call it Diosone, and everything depends on my ability to absorb it. I know that it is a dangerous and unpredictable drug—at least two of the other patients claim that their eyesight has greatly deteriorated since they started taking it—and that it can bring about ominous and unsightly reactions.

But, so far, I have been unbelievably lucky. I have escaped, it appears, many of the worst and least bearable ravages of this foul disease.

I can sleep at night without taking drugs to dull constant pain. The fingers of my hands can grip and feel; my face and body are not covered with swellings and nodules; I am not troubled by nerve or muscular pains. I only weigh eight and a half stone (119 pounds), in spite of my height, but I think I could walk at least three miles if I had to.

Now I can only pray to God that it will never be necessary for me to read what I have just written and say to myself, "You've gone a long way downhill since then." From now on this drug will be pumped into me in increasing quantities, and I can only hope the future may prove that I am one of the lucky ones.

I reread that entry a long time afterward and realized how differently it all turned out. Though I did not know it, God, having left me in the dust for eight long years, was now determined, evidently, that I should receive a generous helping of happiness. Every step forward brought totally unexpected success; every blessed thing I did turned out better than I had expected.

THE NEW DRUG—diamino-diphenyl-sulphone—had been introduced to the Homes only a short time before, and I, looking down mournfully at those small white pills, did not realize that at last medical science had achieved a stupendous victory—that after centuries of failure it had at last discovered a drug that would defeat our ancient foe. Gone forever were the days of the old treatment, the messy, torturing injections, the ordeal of the stabbing needle, and the aftermath of pulpy, bloodstained flesh. There were fifteen of us. Those whom I saw most often were Aristide; Alexis, the dark, secretive Russian—his father had been a colonel in the Tsar's army before he had become a naturalized Briton in Shanghai; and Marko, the blind Cypriot.

Then there was Caesar, a disgruntled youth with a swollen face who hailed from the Mauritius; Brian, who had been a commando, and had served in East Africa; Patrick Xavier, a plump, middle-aged Pole who had spent years in a monastery before going to the Fiji Islands, and who now regarded himself as Jehovah's special representative in the Homes; the little Jew who had an Australian passport; and Major Butler.

All spoke about themselves not only as they were then but also as they had been while they were still part of the world outside.

There was Brian, a born sportsman, small and wiry, with a deceptive air of fragility. He could still do amazing things with his wasted body, and there was hardly a game in which he had not excelled before the disease had taken its toll.

I found him a great deal more stimulating and alive than the others. He was a special favorite with the nuns, with his boisterous high spirits and stream of low comedy.

I had learned that, like myself, he had been born in India. I mentioned that I had returned to Calcutta when I was about eighteen, and he said, "I must have been there about that time."

I said then that I had lived in a hostel on a crowded dirty street, in the Moslem part of the city, and he said, "That's bloody strange, because I lived there for some time, and it must have been just around then."

I said, "I wonder if you knew any of the fellows who were there in my time?"

As I spoke I recalled a tall, coltish youth, all legs and arms, with a small, impudent face and a shock of fiery hair.

I said, "I shared a room with four other fellows. Two of them were brothers, and one was a youngster of about sixteen, always up to mischief of some kind. I think he was supposed to be a mechanical apprentice. His name was Andrews, as I recall."

Brian looked at me queerly. "But my name's Andrews. Didn't you know?"

I felt as though I had been butted in the stomach. Could this wreck of a man, with his swollen, discolored face, have any affinity with the youth and vitality of the youngster I had known nearly twenty years before?

I wrenched my eyes away from his disfigured face and said, "Don't you remember me? Don't you remember trying to teach me to rollerskate and blacking my eye against a wall?"

His bloodshot eyes opened wide, and I noticed then that his eyelashes and eyebrows had disappeared, and that there was an unsightly ridge of thick flesh across his forehead.

He said, "You're Buster! I should have known it from the first. I remember you clearly now."

I felt an odd embarrassment. It seemed indecent that two people who had known each other when they were strong should meet again

"I had begun to live only when I knew that I was going to die."

after they had been so hurt and tarnished. From that morning we became firm friends.

THE DOCTORS CAME every Friday. Not, of course, "the Big Doctors"—the London specialists. But our own doctors who lived locally and had charge of us all the time. These we nicknamed "the Small Doctors."

On Friday they held a full-dress parade, and all except bed cases were expected to be present.

When my turn came I would push through the door into the surgery and sit down opposite whichever doctor was disengaged. My chart would be examined, an inquiry made about my latest blood and urine tests, any minor ailment, such as a cold or indigestion, would be dealt with, and the interview would be at an end.

Dr. James, the elder of the two, was generally more than a match for even the most guileful of the patients. He had been visiting the Homes for over fifteen years and had long since learned every trick and subterfuge that even the hard-case old-timers like Aristide tried to pull on him. He had such a diabolical gift for prescribing nauseous mixtures for any malingerers in his flock that even Aristide was chary of inventing imaginary ailments.

In contrast to Dr. James, Dr. Hunt was deft and understanding and would listen patiently to the most fantastic complaints. Most of the patients preferred to deal with him rather than with Dr. James, but I don't think he was really any easier to bluff.

As the days drew on toward Christmas, I promised Patrick Xavier that I would say the Rosary every evening throughout Advent. My mother had been a devout Catholic and had done her utmost to see that we were brought up in the faith but, since her death, when I was about sixteen, I had done practically nothing about my religion. Now I was being shepherded back into the fold. Each evening at a quarter to seven, I would walk down the path between the bare rose trees to the little wooden cabin that was used by the Catholics as their chapel.

The altar was a makeshift affair, just a small, varnished table and, above it, a cross on which hung the figure of the crucified Christ.

Patrick Xavier would make the sign of the cross and we'd each repeat the age-old words of the Rosary. Marko's deep voice would say the Hail Mary in Cypriot, and the words seemed to gain a new beauty in that unknown tongue. Then Caesar would take it up, his rasping croak hardly audible, like the hissing of a goose.

After the Rosary, we said the Litany of Our Lady. Very gently, pitching the words up a little at the end of each invocation, Patrick Xavier would intone, "Tower of

Ivory" . . . "Rose of Sharon," and we would respond, "Pray for us," like the rhythm of waves breaking on the shore, so that in time the repetition brought a kind of hypnotic peace, indescribably restful to a tired, fearful mind.

THE SISTERHOOD, the Community of the Sacred Passion, had been founded some fifty years previously by an Anglican bishop, as an order that would devote itself to missionary work in Central Africa; the Mother House was there, and it was there that the great majority of the Sisters spent their lives. But it had been found necessary to keep an English base where nuns who were no longer able to work in Africa, either through old age or ill health, could be accommodated, and where Novices could undergo their initial period of testing.

To us, the Novices were more interesting than the Sisters. Three of them figured prominently in my existence—the gentle, smiling Novice Monica, Novice Sophia, and Novice Sharon. Of these I was to see the most of Novice Sharon.

She was a tall, graceful girl, with long legs and narrow hips. She had a small, petulant mouth, a high-bridged nose, and brown eyes the color of peat. She had graceful hands that made little gestures as she spoke, and she always held herself with poker-like erectness. She was nervous and unpredictable as a cat; her mood could change in the fraction of a second. She was about twenty-seven. Her family, I gathered, was wealthy and influential. She had been expensively educated and had been presented at Court. She had been a fashion model, secretary to a Member of Parliament, and a welfare worker in the slums. She had traveled widely in America and on the Continent. She had, in fact, experimented with most things and must have covered a lot of territory during those restless years, so that it was difficult to understand what had finally induced this spoiled, self-assured girl to attempt the life of a nun, though I guessed that her life in the world had left her unsatisfied and with the nagging conviction that she had missed her way.

As the life of a Novice is based on hard work and unquestioning obedience, it is hardly surprising that Sharon should find herself in constant trouble. Nearly everything that she did was wrong—not because she meant it to be, but because her entire approach to the new life was at variance with the demands it made on her.

She experimented with her first fire in my room. I watched her awkwardly pile the wood and coal into a clumsy stack and gingerly fling a lighted match in its general direction. Of course, it was a failure.

In those early days one of her jobs was to clean my room and this arrangement led to constant friction. It was a contest of wills, of barbed implications, of bickering over trifles. She irritated me more than anybody I could remember, yet there was an odd sympathy between us.

This subtle bond did not bring us together, it merely emphasized the difference between us. We bickered like people of the same blood who, because of their very nearness, can never live at peace.

But there were times when she would walk lightly into my room, smiling and radiant, so that it was difficult to believe that she was the same restless, dissatisfied girl who had tormented me so often. At such times I would look at her with a feeling of acute pleasure and in an instant be filled with some small part of the happiness that shone from within her.

We would talk eagerly without constraint, appearing to understand each other instinctively. There was a compelling tenderness about her then that made me certain she had been loved by many people in the world outside.

THE WINTER DAYS PASSED in sober procession, a symphony in grays and halftones, but they were filled with interest and a kind of deep inner security.

For some time past, my body and mind had begun to mend. I had gained about 21 pounds. I woke in the morning with new energy. And this energy brought with it the desire to do something more, to try my wings.

I found a decrepit old bicycle, covered with rust and dust, in the billiard room. After much maneuvering, I gained title to it and had it put into working order. I became mobile, not only in body but in spirit. I rejoined, in effect, the world of the living.

Looking back, it seemed incredible that I should ever have been querulous or bored, that I should have lost the capacity for amazement at the continued miracle of life, and attempted to treat it as a poor relation.

I realized now that I had begun to live only when I knew that I was going to die. The eight years that had passed since I contracted the disease stood out in brilliant colors, vivid, astonishing, terrifying, endlessly interesting; the time when my body had been strong and whole seemed dim and blurred.

One rainy morning, I arrived late, and soaked, at the surgery. When Sister Jane had completed my treatment and I was preparing to leave, she called me back. "Just a moment, Peter," she said, "I've some news for you here. It's the report on your last two tests."

I felt a shock of excitement. She said happily, "They were both negative. If you keep on at this rate, you won't be staying with us much longer."

I felt dazed, like a boxer who has narrowly escaped a knockout. I heard myself say, "Thank you, Sister," and then my legs carried me out into the rain.

I walked quite slowly now. I didn't care how wet I got. I should have been filled with triumph and gratitude, but I was terrified.

When I was first told that I was a leper my mind had cried out in horror, "It isn't true. This can't have happened to me." And ever since that moment I had been conscious of a sense of uncleanness—an uncleanness that was of the spirit, not of the body. But here at the Homes I had been free of this sense of vicarious guilt.

Now I was to be flung back into the world of ordinary men.

I couldn't sleep that night. The following morning, I got up early. I wanted to walk alone, and think alone. Suddenly I realized I was quite close to the Sisters' chapel. I could hear the murmur of voices. I thought, "They're still at their prayers. They spend five or six hours a day in that place."

I crept up to the door, opened it. The Sisters knelt motionless in closely packed rows. There must have been forty or fifty of them, and in that confined space they looked as impressive as a small army.

There in the doorway, I was aware of something that I had never understood before. I realized that this was the true focal point of the Sisters' existence and that the rest of the Convent was relatively unimportant.

"I should never have come," I thought as I settled into the nearest chair. I was painfully aware of my masculinity. And then I saw something that made me forget my self-consciousness. On the wall opposite was a list of names painted upon a wooden panel. Names of patients who had died. For the first time, I realized how strong was the bond binding Sisters and patients. How, without a word to us—almost, one might say, behind our backs—the Sisters carried on their work of prayer for the dead, that they might be granted peace and happiness in that other world, and for the living, that they might find health and contentment of body and mind.

And then I saw three dim figures kneeling directly under the altar. They looked lonely and somehow vulnerable in their isolation.

I said to myself, "They're my three, Novice Monica, Novice Sophia and Novice Sharon."

Then quite suddenly the whole affair became clear. I thought, "Of course, that's it. Those girls are sailing for Africa tomorrow."

They were crazy fanatics, I thought, and yet there was something splendid and disturbing in

their steadfast consciousness of purpose and faith.

And then, with the force of a hammer blow, I realized that all my indignation on their behalf was senseless. With a kind of amazement I thought, "These young women are certainly happier than I have ever been in my life. They don't need my pity or my regrets."

The great shuttle of prayer fell silent, and a single voice took up the thread, clear, lonely, and detached. "May the Almighty and merciful Lord direct us . . . and may His angels accompany us on our journey, that in peace and safety and joy we may return to our home . . ."

"You'll need those angels," I muttered grimly.

Suddenly I was conscious of a searing sense of shame. Some power was forcing me to look into my own soul, and I was sickened and repulsed by what I saw. I thought, "In forty-odd years of living I have never attempted to live outside or beyond myself."

I think it is impossible to describe what happened next. Each man must experience his own miracle. Words cannot convey to another mind the reality of an overwhelming spiritual experience, a moment of blinding light; a second of tremulous perception; a piercing of the heart by the spear of Christ's love.

My spirit seemed to shoot upward. I was conscious of an intense joy that was a composite of searing pain and a sense of utter dependence. I don't know how long this state lasted but, when I was again conscious of the kneeling figures and the chanting, it was as though I had entered another dimension.

I looked at my sodden, ragged soul, but it no longer filled me with self-loathing. I accepted it now with a kind of wondering humility.

I saw now that God had taken everything I valued from me—so that I believed I had been struck down never to recover—in order that He might lead me off my own chosen track into dark and dangerous country, and there give me all the things I had sought in vain along paths of my own choosing.

For it was certainly true that I had only begun to live from the moment that life had apparently been taken from me.

It seemed to me, as I knelt in the quiet chapel, that the lesson I had learned from life was that man knows nothing. Our perception is so small and the forces that oppose us so subtle and complicated that it is impossible for us to find the road. Only God can bring us home and He chooses His own ways for the journey.

"May His angels accompany us . . . that in peace and safety and joy we may return to our home. . . ."

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Why Not Whims?

How often do you do something—just because you feel like it? Try it, and see how much more fun you get out of life

COLUMBIA'S LIONEL TRILLING—scholar, professor and writer of essays—got off a particularly felicitous phrase in a recent interview. "I read," he said, commenting on his daily schedule (a full one), "but I don't get time to read at whim."

Reading "at whim" is a delight—but these days, how many of us do it? And aren't we all in much the same predicament that Professor Trilling finds himself—reading for some purpose? We read to keep informed, abreast of fast-moving events, or perhaps to "keep up" with the latest books—but how often do we allow ourselves the luxury of standing in front of our book shelves, looking over the titles for some book, old or new, to read just because we happen to feel like it, or "at whim"? Not often.

Indeed, when do most of us put aside the day's demands and do anything "at whim"? Again, not often. We are too busy, or too tired, or we fear doing something "at whim" will make us appear ridiculous to other people. Perhaps the emphasis put, in recent years, on the proper planning of everything—from laying out new housing developments to the efficient ordering of one's personal daily coming and going—has made whimsy unfashionable. But for refreshing one's zest for living, for leaving behind, if only temporarily, one's own vexing problems and irritations, or for opening new horizons, there is nothing like doing things "at whim."

Many of us spend more time than we know thinking of excellent reasons why we should not do things "at whim." Whims require a little effort when indulged in but no more than most of the Very Important matters we say we like to pursue. Whims have a way of breaking sharply from established routines, and they may upset carefully calculated family budgets, but this is all to the good, now and then. It is easy to confuse routine with efficiency and to grow stodgy the while; whims were designed expressly to prevent solidification of the spirit.

But the way of the whim is not easy, for the world is full of whim-puncturers. If one thinks of an old friend one has neither seen nor heard from in years and, at whim, suggests looking him up, it is likely there will be a whim-puncturer near who will say that if this friend had

From "Topics of The Times," *New York Times*, March 7, 1955.

desired to be seen he would have written or called long since, that he lives too far away, that he probably has moved to Montana, and that anyway it looks like rain so why think about going out at all? A whim so wounded is pretty certain to succumb on the spot.

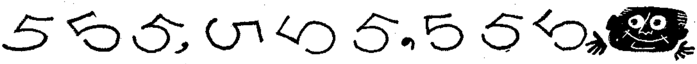
Children and gardeners know all about whim-puncturers, because their whims are constantly being shot down by dreadfully logical people to whom the thought of buying a banana split an hour before dinner, or replacing a nuisance of a hedge with a stone wall, is unsettling and therefore undesirable.

Writing a letter to a complete stranger who has done something praiseworthy, walking over that hill you always meant to explore but never did, wandering through an old cemetery, going to an auction, revisiting a painting you intended to see again, rereading an old book of poems or essays, building a bird house—all "at whim"—can be rewarding. But only, of course, if these things really are done "at whim."

Whimsy has no place where there are "We must..." people, who say one must go here and go there. (One does not do, at whim, what one would like to do to these people, because it would not be polite.)

Some day perhaps, the medical profession will recognize the healing qualities of whims and include among their prescriptions one that reads, "Take a whim at least once a day. . . ." Excellent advice, all things considered.

Multipractice



HERE'S A CUTE TRICK to practice on a friend:

1. Ask him to write down 12,345,679. (Note that the number eight is omitted.)

2. Now ask him which number of all these he likes the least. When he gives you his answer, tell him to place an "x" above the number he selected.

3. At this point, instruct him to multiply the original 12,345,679 by a number which you suggest.

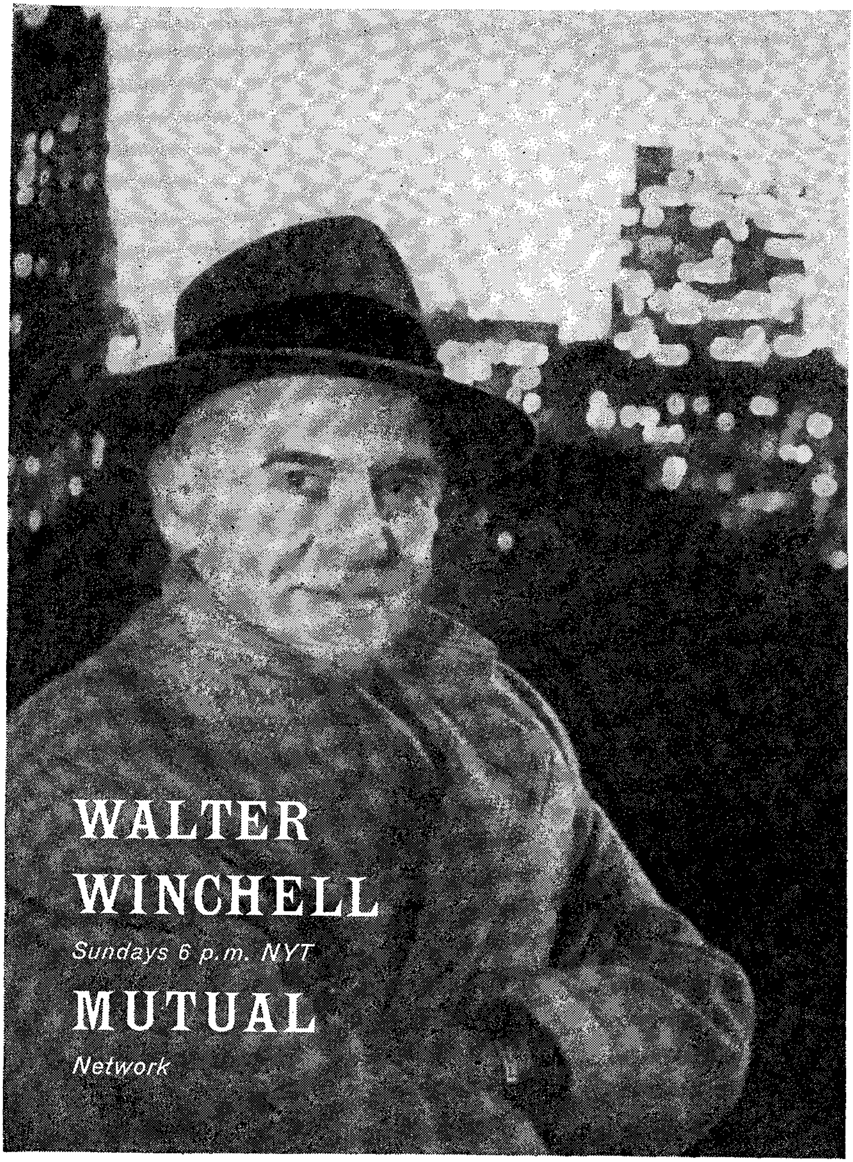
4. Once he multiplies as directed, he will find that every figure in his total corresponds to the number above which he put the "x."

Example:

```
       x
 12,345,679
         45
 ----------
 61,728,395
493,827,16
 ----------
555,555,555
```

Explanation: It really doesn't matter what number your friend selects. Merely multiply that number by 9. Thus, in the case shown above, you multiply 5 x 9 and get 45. Once you have this total, multiply 12,345,679 by it.

—ROYAL VALE HEATH, *Math E Magic* (Dover Publications, Inc.)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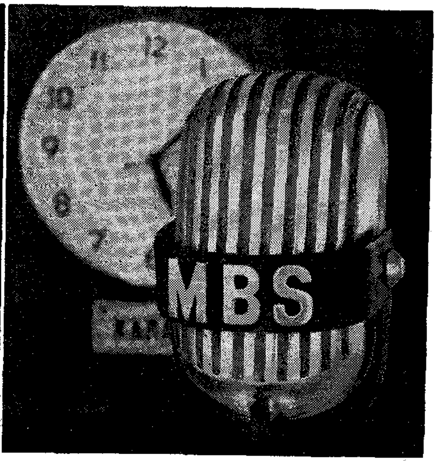

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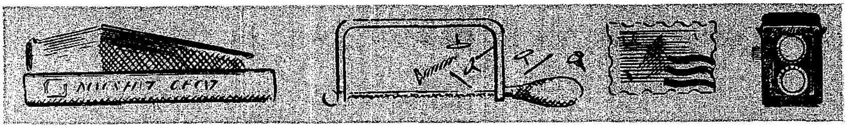

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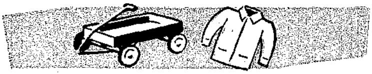

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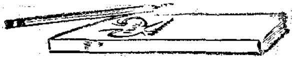

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(*Continued on next page*)

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Speaking Personally

PARKING PLACE: Something you see when you haven't got your car.

—*Atlanta Journal*

DIPLOMACY: The art of letting someone have your way.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal Magazine*

PERSONALITY: The name we give to our own little collection of funny habits.

—*Stats*

PUNCTUALITY: Waiting around for other people. —JULIE MARY HANNAH

EXPERIENCE: What you get when you're expecting something else.

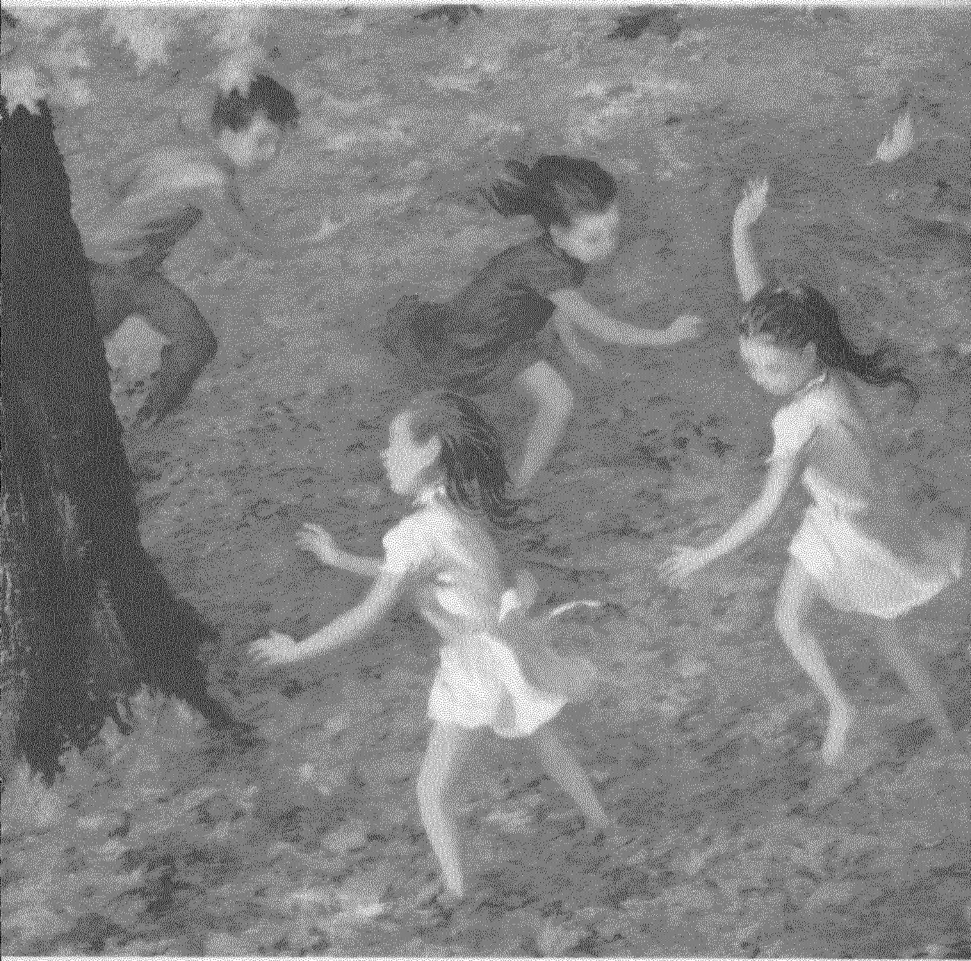
—ARCH WARD in *Chicago Tribune*

JUSTICE: What we get when the decision is in our favor. —*Partners*

TRAFFIC: A lot of cars moving fast until your car joins them.

—*Keever Komments*

THE FALLING LEAVES



Today the autumn leaves provide
A golden floor for children's play,
And through the glowing countryside
Their laughter echoes, warm and gay.

—MARK NICHOLS

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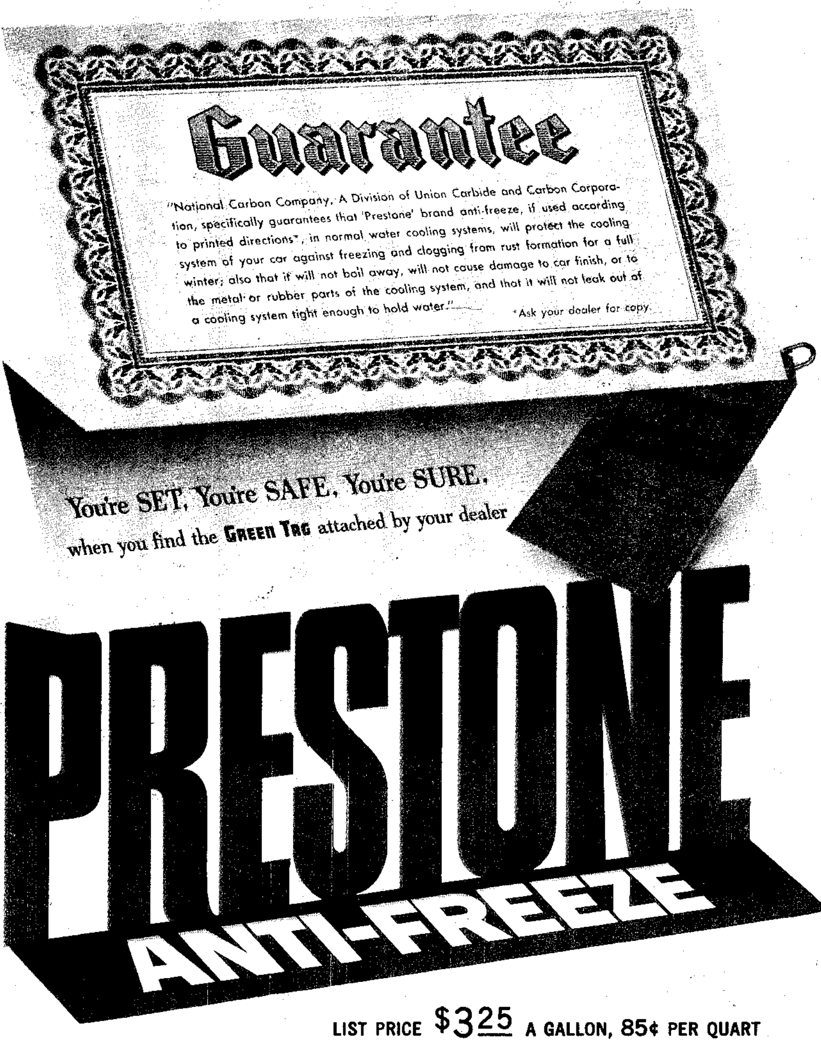

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